AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES

(To be Sung to the *THEORBO-LUTE* or *BASE-VIOLL*:)

BY

JOHN GAMBLE.

Horat. Od. 2. 10.

——— quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Godbid*, for the Author,
1656.

VERA EFFIGIES IOANNIS GAMBLE PHILOMUSICI

This to the Graver owes;
But read and Find
By his owne hand,
a most Harmonious Mind.

T. Cross Sculpsit

I: S:

To the worthy of all Honour,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

SIR,

YOU *have been a merciful Creditor in the trust of these* inestimable Poems, *so long with me, a person inconsiderable; But I beseech you think I have been sensible of the great obligation, and alwayes thought it a less trespass to break with all the world, then by the least forgetfulness of my duty, make an unhappy forfeit of my self to your displeasure.*

Sir, I have brought home your Principal, *and though it be a thing beneath your generous expectation, to look at profit, yet I thought it became my justice to tender you a small* interest, *the endevours of my poor Art, to wait upon it: I acknowledge it a bold undertaking, to compose your Words (which are so pure* Harmonie *in themselves) into any other* Musick; *But it was not in my ambition, or hope to mend the least* Accent *or* Emphasis *wch they received from your own* numerous Soul, *but to essay, how neer, a whole life spent in the study of Musical Compositions, could imitate the flowing and natural* Graces, *which you have created by your fancie.*

I have onely to say, If my zeal have not stained what you have excellently made, I will not despair of your pardon; and if aiiy thing herein (the wel-meant tender of my service) may obtain your smile & permission, I shalbe confirmed in my thoughts that I may stil write my self

SIR,

The most humble and faithful

of your Servants,

John Gamble.

To the Noble, Few, Lovers of MUSICK.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THE *ſoft Relations* and *Sympathie* that this *Princeſs of all Arts* hath with the *Harmonie* of your *Souls*, had even impoſed upon my Faith I had committed Rape upon theſe Papers, which long ere this on their owne Wings, had One by One, hover'd o're, and dropt into your gen'rous Breaſts for Patronage, and anticipated this my preſent Service and Devotion. But I forbad all ſingle Flights, and by degrees caged each *Linnet* up, till ſhe had learn'd her Leſſon, and I compleated the whole Conſort, full and intire; which as it is, together with the whole *Aviarie*, I moſt humbly Sacrifice to your Mercy and Delight. Fourſcore and ſix, a Jolly pleaſant Band! all of one true *Phœbean* Strain, yet each diſtinctly taught her ſev'ral Grace, onely to Court your various Ear and Fancie.

My Lords and Gentlemen; I onely wiſh you the ſame Kind, Genuine Joy in the Hearing of theſe *Seraphick Poems*, as the moſt *Noble Author* had in the Writing, the World in Reading, and my Self in the Compoſing of them; and then I 'm confident, *Muſick* will have wrought a greater Wonder, then to animate with Senſe *Plants* and *Vegetables*; that is, to ſurprize and take in Refined and Abſtracted Spirits, which is a holy Invaſion upon Heaven.

But I detain you too long in the Porch with theſe *Lowd Inſtruments*, the Soft Quire waits you within; Pleaſe you vouchſafe your favourable Thoughts, whileſt I in all Humility ſubmit my Self

My Lords and Gentl.

Your moſt grateful Servant,

To my Noble Kinſman THOMAS STANLEY, *Eſq;* On his *Lyrick* Poems Compoſed by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

I.

WHat means this ſtately *TABLATURE*,
The *Ballance* of thy ſtreins?
Which ſeems in ſtead of *ſifting pure*
T' *extend* and *Rack* thy veins:
Thy *Odes* firſt their *owne Harmonie* did break,
For Singing 'troth is but in Tune to ſpeak.

II.

Nor thus thy *Golden Feet* and *Wings*
May it be thought *falſe Harmonie*
T' Aſcend to Heav'n by *Silver Strings*,
This is *Urania's* Heraldrie;
Thy *Royal Poem* now we may extol,
And truely, *Luna* blazon'd upon *Sol.*

III.

As when *Amphion* firſt did Call
Each liſt'ning Stone from's Den,
And with the *Lute* did form the *Wall*,
But with his *Words*, the *Men*;
So in their *twiſted Numbers* now you thus
Not onely *Stocks perſwade*, but *Raviſh* us.

IV.

Thus do your *Ayres Eccho* o're
The *Notes* and *Anthemes* of the *Spheres*,
And their whole *Conſort* back reſtore,
As if *Earth* too would *bleſs Heavens Ears*:
But yet the *Spoakes* on which they *ſcal'd* ſo *High*
Gamble hath wiſely laid of *UT*, *RE*, *MI.*

Richard Lovelace.

On the Excellent Poems of *Tho. Stanley*, Eſq;

Compoſed by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

VVRapt in like Numbers (could th' huſht world but hear
Th' above abſtracted *Harmonie*) Such Words
Th' Octave *Intelligence* ſings to his Sphear,
When all th' *Aſtronomers* trembling *Lines* turn *Chords*.

Thus the Mean *Quire* of Movers roul in Tone
Their Cryſtal *Tenor-Orbs* to the Concent,
This Baſe the *Gammut* Heaven of the Moon
Ecchoes the *G-Sol-Re-UT* Firmament.

Like which the nobler Poeſie conſignes
Love Heat, and Beauty beams to Touch and Sight;
Now ſtrung with Rapſodie, th' Harmonious Lines
Have taught the Ear burn, and admire what's bright.

As if the King of Song had tun'd his Rayes,
Make Souls turn Kindred Numbers, and reply
Tranſport and Rapture, as th' untoucht Chord playes,
Who moves the *Diapaſon Sympathy*.

And all the *Muſes* Hover in each Aire,
Aire that they breath; Muſes not yet concern'd
In Poeſie by that name (though Nine were there)
Not from the Poem, but the Muſick learn'd.

For when they were but Girles, could yet not ſpel
Their *A-re* Alphabet, they could talk Rime,
And Tales of Love, and right ſcann'd Fancies tel,
Though not with Fingers, but with Feet kept Time.

Till they from untaught Strokes, and us'd to Twang
O're all the Fathers ſleeping untun'd Lyre,
Began to wonder what it was he Sang,
So by degrees Conſorted into *Quire*.

Clio, *Urania*, had no name beſide
Th' God-father gave at the Fount *Hippocrene*
Muſe, the addition of Maturer pride
Inur'd like State noyſe *Princeſs* and the *Queen*.

But ſince the god aſſents, both Artiſts treat
Th' Hils royal Parcener, thus She do's chuſe
Both Favourites Conſorts to the lawful Sheet,
Ore as She's *Clio*, th' other as the Muſe.

Fo. Redmayne.

To my much honored Cozen Mr. *Stanley*,
Upon his Poems ſet by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*.

I.

ENough, Enough, of Orbs and Spheres,
Reach me a Trumpet or a Drum,
To *ſound* ſharp *Synnets* in your Ears,
And *Beat* a Deep *Encomium*.

II.

I know not th' *Eight Intelligence*;
Thoſe that do underſtand it, Pray
Let them ſtep thither, and from thence
Speak what they all do Sing or Say:

III.

Nor what your *Diapaſons* are,
Your *Sympathies* and *Symphonies*;
To me they ſeem as diſtant farre
As whence they take their Infant riſe.

IV.

But I've a grateful Heart can ring
A *peale* of *Ordnance* to your praiſe,
And *Volleys* of *ſmall Plaudits* bring
To Clowd a Crown about your Baies.

V.

Though Lawrel is thought Thunder-free,
That Storms and Lightning Diſallows,
Yet *Cæſar* thorough Fire and Sea
Snatcht her to twiſt his Conquering Brows.

VI.

And now me thinks like him you ſtand
I' th' head of all the Poets Hoaſt,
Whileſt with your Words you do Command,
They ſilent do their Duty Boaſt.

VII.

Which done, the Army Ecchoes o're
Like *Gamble Ios* One and all,
And in their various Notes implore
Long live our noble Generall.

On Mr. *Gamble's* Compoſing of Mr. *Stanley's* Incomparable ODES.

SUre when this *Lyre* was touch'd, fit *Words*
Did *Dance* in *Order* to the *Chords*;
And *Lines* in *Harmonie* thus *ſtrung*
Riſe ſprightly *Cap'ring* on the Tongue;
We that but read with *hoarſer Throates*,
Do yet diſturb them into *Notes*;
And who *Repeats*, unwitting *Sings*,
As *Ecchoes* riſe from *Jangled Strings*:
So *Theban Walls* by Batt'ries ſoone
As Shaken, *totter into Tune*;
And Inſtruments that Scrued ſtand,
Sound, Struck by an unwilling Hand:
So a but *peradventure Fall*
Awakes the *ſleeping Harpſychall*,
VVhich ſince the Artiſt ang'red laſt
Lay lull'd in its own Muſick faſt.
Here's no diſordring the fair Mind,
Unruly matter up to bind,
Until the too much forced *Zones*
Snapt, *Knit* in ſhort *Elliſions*;
No Crowded words in Huddle meet,
That *ſhuffle* on *un-even Feet*,
And ſtrugling labour in their Pains;
As if the *Verſe* were *pac'd* in *Chains*.
The very Syllables as Clear
Paſs'd (as their Ayres now) through the Ear;
And *He* that made the *Eſſence whole*,
Cannot diſtinguiſh which is *Soule*,
VVhere *one informs the other*, They
So *mixe* in their *Unbodyed Play*.

Eldred Revet.

To his Friend THOMAS STANLEY, *Esq;*

On his ODES Set and Publiſhed

By Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

STANLEY the Darling of *Apollo*, you
That make at once both *Verſe* and *Muſick* too;
So ſweet a *Maſter* of ſo ſweet a *Muſe*,
Whom not to name with honour, were t' abuſe.
How your words flow! How ſweetly do they Chyme,
VVhen your pure *Couplets* do imbrace in Ryme!
How quick, how lovely, and how full of Sence
Your *Fancie* is, and all that ſprings from thence!
VVhich *Gamble* has enliv'ned by his Art,
And breath'd an Active Soul through every part:
And ſo deduc'd your Mind to us, that we
May *feaſt* our Ears and Souls with raritie.
How much to You, how much to Him we owe,
VVe can conceive, but cannot make you know;
Nor have we thanks proportion'd to your worth,
You that did make, and He that ſet them forth,
In ſuch a lively Dreſs too, VVe admire
VVhat we cann't praiſe, what we cann't do, Deſire;
And therefore turn our *praiſes* into *prayers*,
That You'l make more ſuch *Odes*, He more ſuch *Ayres*.

Alexander Broome.

On my Friend Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*

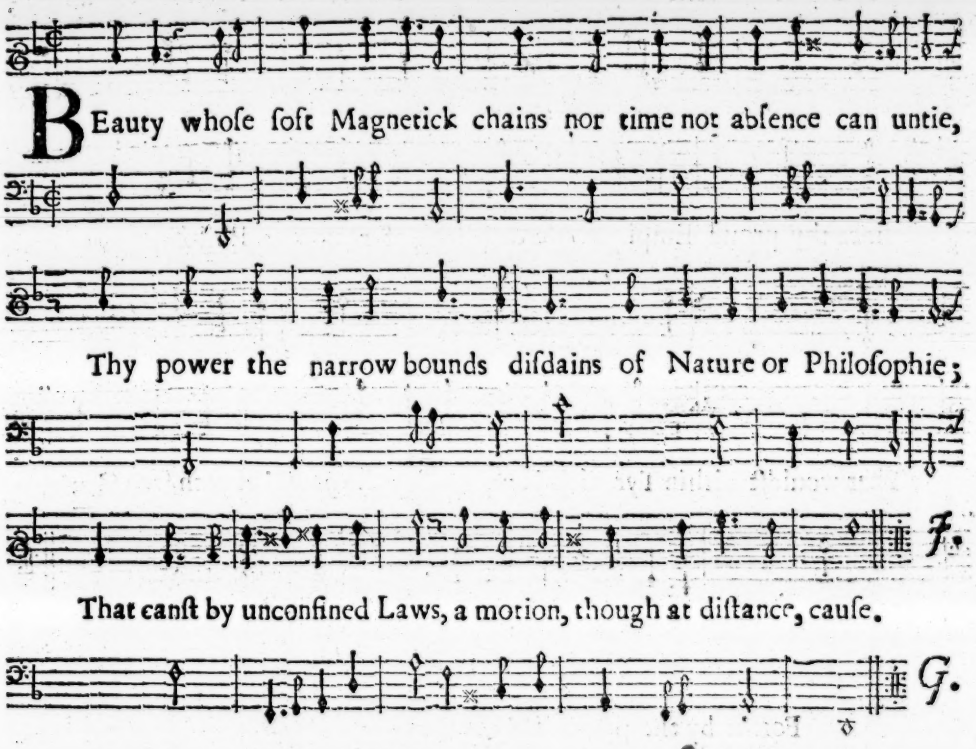
His excellent Compoſition of the Songs and Dialogues of

THOMAS STANLEY, Eſq;

MAN is Compos'd of *Harmonie*, each *Senſe*
Moves by a *Spherical* Intelligence;
Such as have ſmall Skill in *Articulate* Notes,
Yet, as their *Ears* do like, can give their *Votes*;
And by that *Judgement* I am led (my *Friend*)
On thy *Juſt Merits* ſome few Lines to ſpend:
Here, thou haſt play'd the *Cunning Chymiſt*, fixt
Mercurial-Notes to *Words*, ſo aptly mixt,
So wedded to each *Accent*, *Senſe*, and *Feet*;
They like two *Bodies* in one *Center* meet:
The Elements of *Fire* and *Air* here kiſs,
Without Confuſion, by *Hypotheſis*,
Unto the *Muſes Lamp* thou addeſt *Oyle*,
By thy *Elaborate*-Skill, *Ingenious* Toyl:
Plato by *Numbers* Mounted *Heaven*, and *Wee*
Have no leſs *Ladder* thus Inſpir'd by *Thee*;
Wee that have *Souls*! no undigeſted Stuff,
Like th' *Dunghill*-Cock that Struts after S^r^—Buff;
Let ſuch imbrace their *Chaos*, with it ſink,
Diſcord to them's as good as Meat and Drink;
While *Wee* Three *Regions* 'bove Them ſit, and Praiſe
Thy *Concord* in theſe *Snarling-Dogged-daies*.

Jo. Tatham.

I. *The Return.*



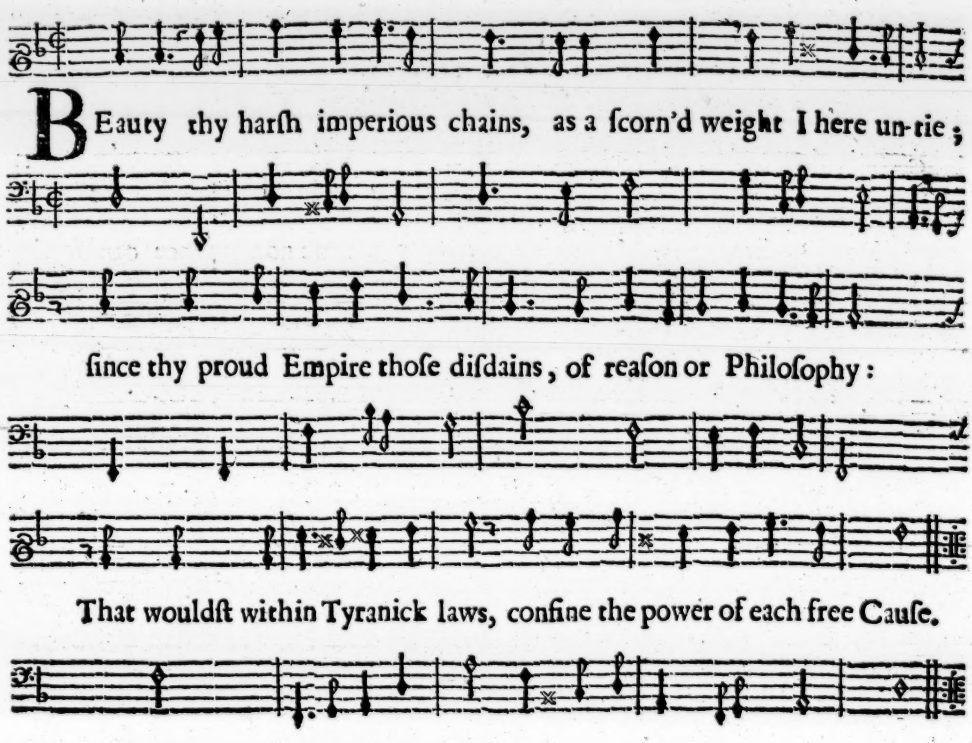
II.

Drawn by the powerful Influence
Of thy bright eyes, I back return:
And ſince I no where can diſpence
With flames which do in abſence burn,
I rather chooſe 'twixt them t' expire,
Then languiſh in a hidden fire.

III.

But if thou the inſulting pride
Of vulgar beauties doſt deſpiſe,
Who by vain triumphs Deifide
Their votaries do ſacrifice,
Then let thoſe flames, whoſe magick charm
At diſtance ſcorch'd, aproch'd, but warm.

I. *The Answer.*

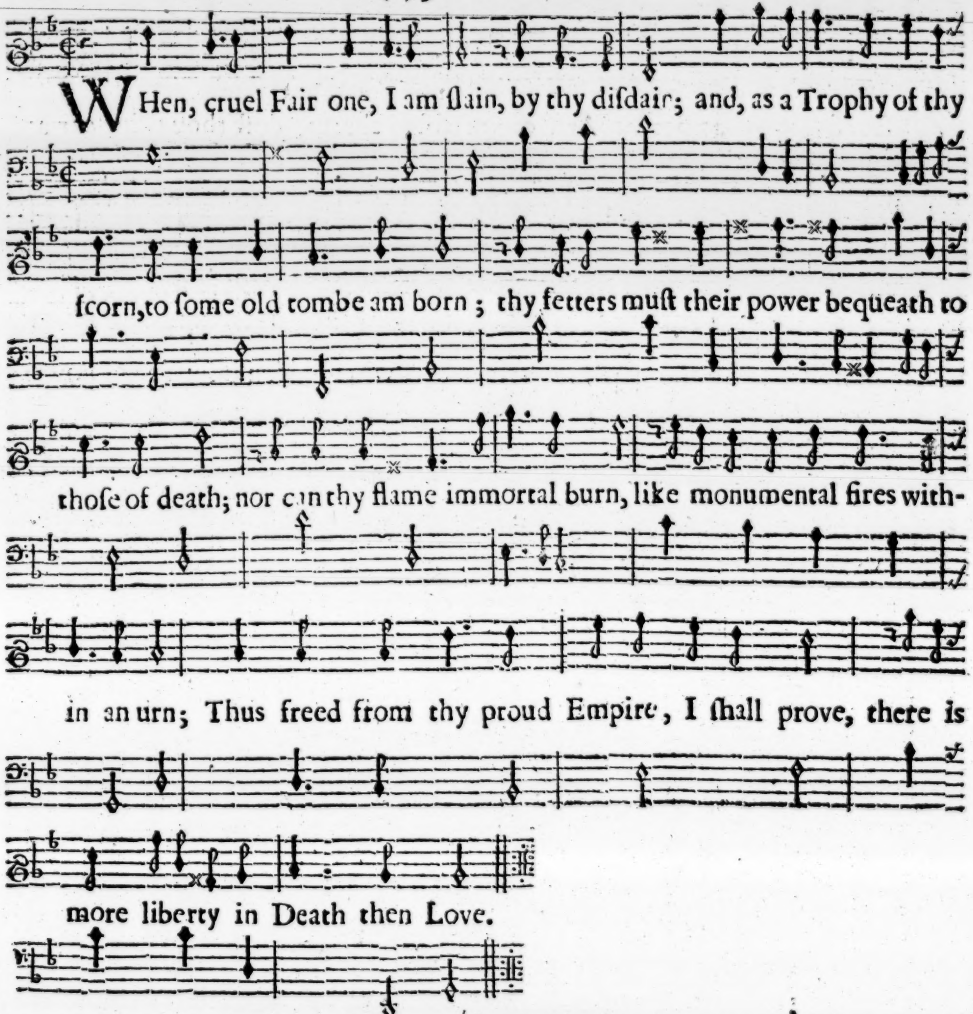


II.

Forc'd by the powerful Influence
Of thy diſdain, I back return;
Thus with thoſe flames I do diſpence,
Which though they would not, light did burn,
And rather will through cold expire,
Then languiſh in a frozen fire.

III.

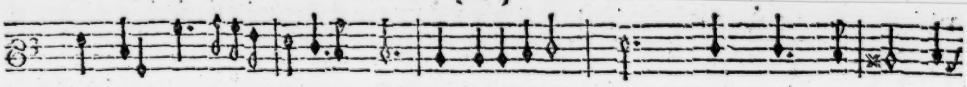
But whileſt I the inſulting pride
Of thy vain beauty do deſpiſe,
Who gladly would be Deifide
By making me thy ſacrifice:
May Love thy Heart, which is his Charm,
Approch'd, ſeem'd cold; at diſtance, warm.



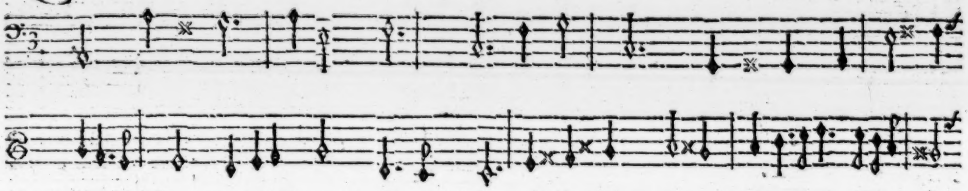
WHen, cruel Fair one, I am ſlain, by thy diſdain; and, as a Trophy of thy ſcorn, to ſome old tombe am born; thy fetters muſt their power bequeath to thoſe of death; nor can thy flame immortal burn, like monumental fires within an urn; Thus freed from thy proud Empire, I ſhall prove, there is more liberty in Death then Love.

II. And when forſaken Lovers come
To ſee my tombe,
Take heed thou mix not with the croud,
And (as a Victor) proud
To view the ſpoils thy beauty made
Preſs near my ſhade,
Leſt thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my aſhes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His ſacrifice, who dy'd as thine, expire.

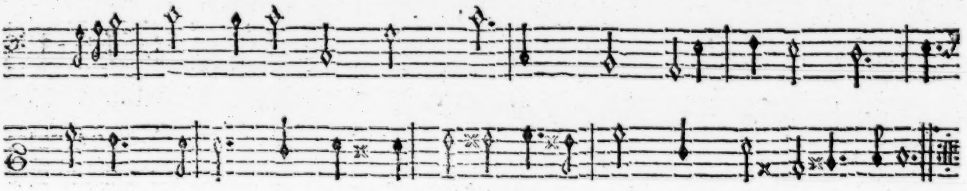
III. But if cold Earth, or Marble muſt
Conceal my duſt,
Whilſt hid in ſome dark ruines, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victorie
Will ſleep with me;
And they who ſhould atteſt thy Glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this ſtory:
Then to encreaſe thy Triumph, let me reſt,
Since by thine Eye ſlain, buried in thy Breſt.



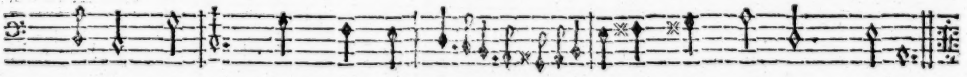
CElinda, by what potent Art, or unreſiſted charm, doſt thou thine ear and



frozen heart againſt my paſſion arm; or by what hidden influence, of powers



in one combin'd, doſt thou rob love of either ſenſe, made deaf as wel as blind.



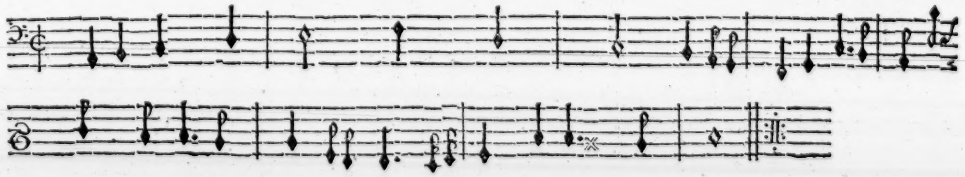
II.

Sure thou as friends united haſt
Two diſtant Deities
And Scorn within thy Heart haſt plac'd
And Love within thine Eyes.
Or thoſe ſoft Fetters of thy Hair
A bondage that diſdains
All Liberty, doth guard thy Ear
Free from all other chains.

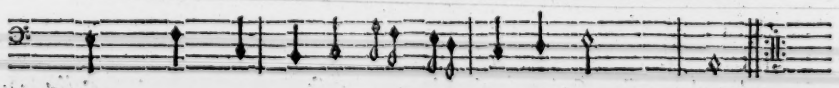
III.

The Cloſe.

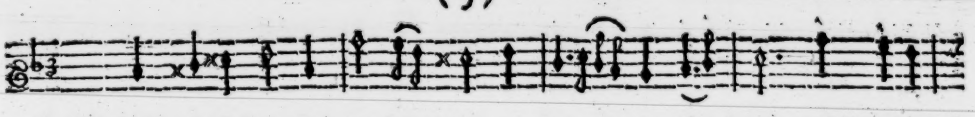
Then my Complaint, how canſt thou hear; or I this paſſion fly; ſince



thou impriſon'd haſt thine ear, and not confin'd thine eye.



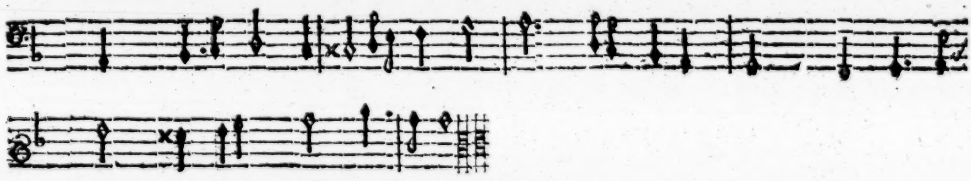
When



VVHen I lie burning in thine eye, or freezing in thy breſt, what Martyrs

in wiſh'd flames that die, are half ſo pleas'd or bleſt? when thy ſoft accents

through mine ear, into my ſoul do fly; what Angel would not quit his

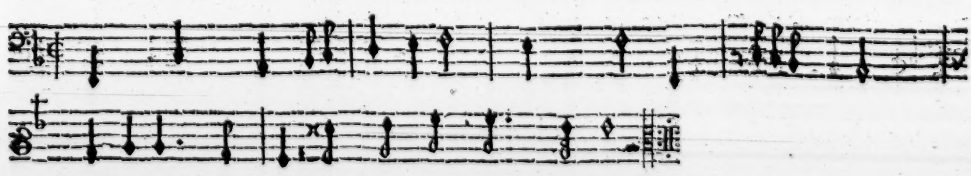


ſphere, to hear ſuch harmony?

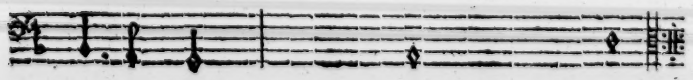
II. Or when the kiſs thou gav'ſt me laſt
My ſoul ſtole in its breath,
What life would ſooner be embrac'd
Then ſo deſir'd a death?
When I commanded am by thee,
Or by thine eyes or hand;
What Monarch would not prouder be
To ſerve, then to command.

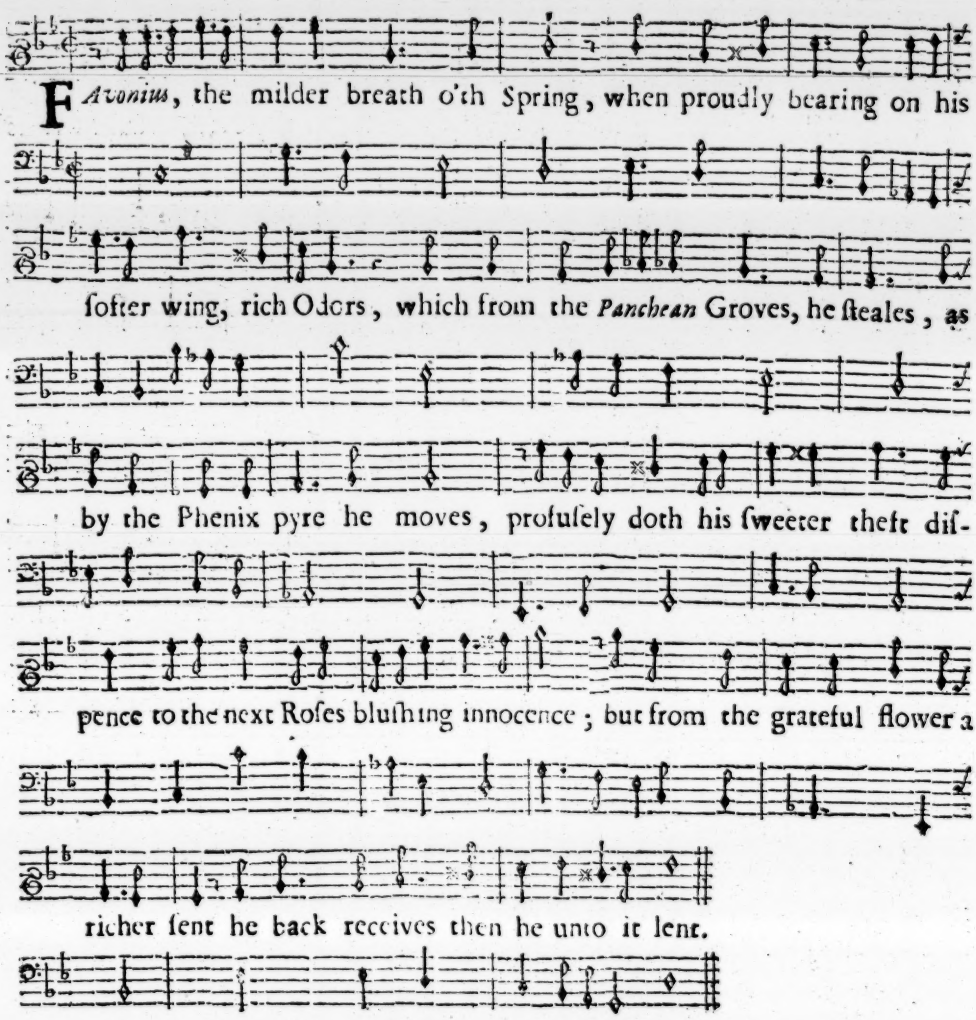
The Cloſe.

III. Then think no freedome I deſire, or would my fetters leave, ſince Phenix



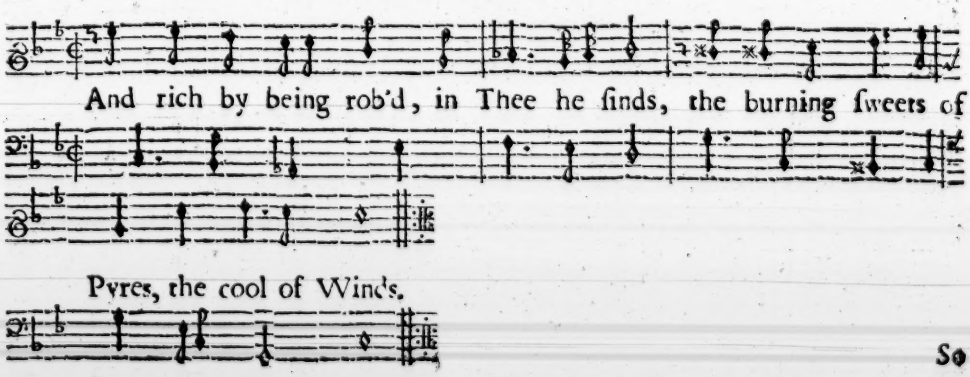
like I from this fire both life and youth receive.

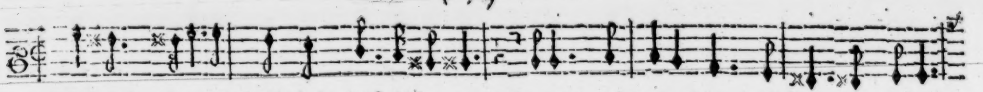




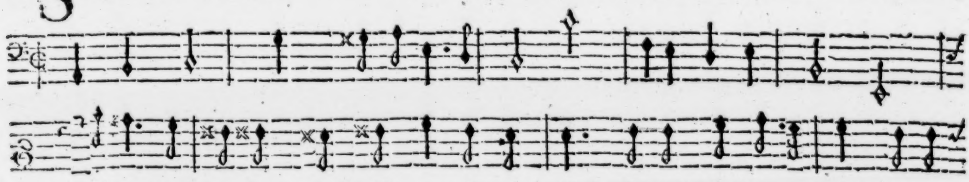
II. Then laden with his odours richeſt ſtore,
He to thy breath haſts, to which theſe are pore;
Which whil'ſt he ſportively to ſteale eſſaies,
He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee plaies.
And ſometimes coo ing thy ſoft cheek doth lie,
And ſometimes burning at thy flaming eye;
Drawne in at laſt by that breath we implore,
He back rerurns, far ſweeter then before.

The Cloſe.

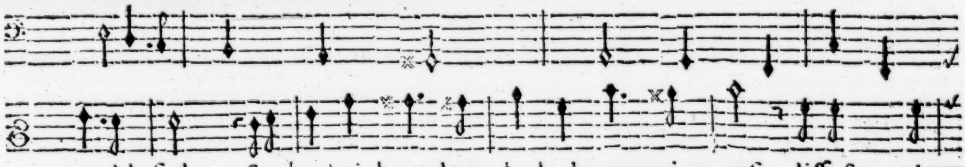




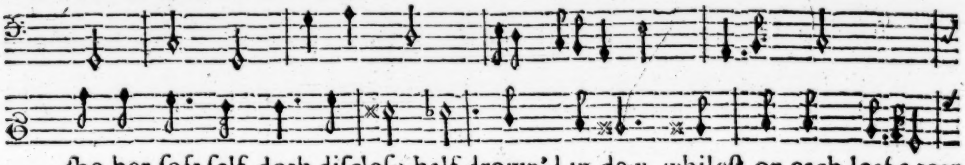
SO fair *Aurora* doth her ſelf diſcover, aſham'd oth' aged bed of her cold Lover,



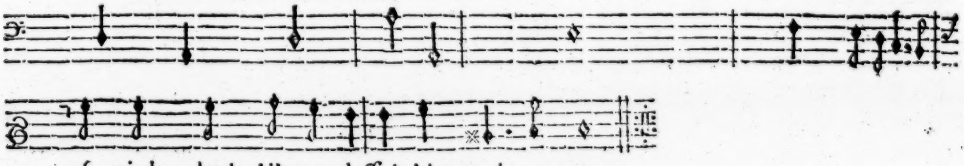
in modeſt bluſhes, whilſt the treacherous light betrays her early ſhame to the



worlds ſight. Such a brigh colour doth the morning roſe diffuſe, when



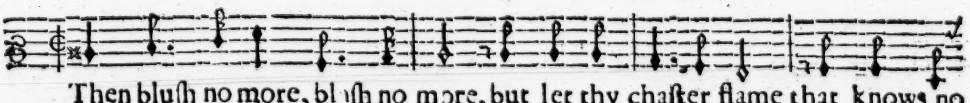
ſhe her ſoft ſelf doth diſcloſe half drown'd in dew, whileſt on each leaf a tear



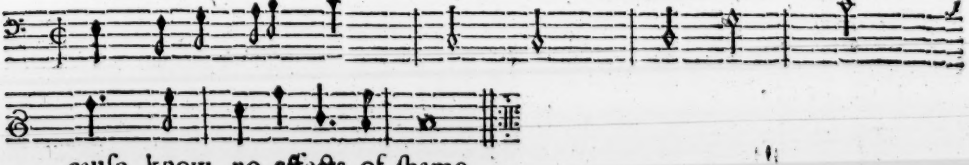
of night doth like a diſſolv'd pearl appear.

II. Yet 'twere in vaine a colour out to ſeek
To paralell my *Charieſſa's* Cheek,
Leſſe are conferd with greater, and thoſe ſeem
To bluſh like her, not ſhe to bluſh like them.
But whence faire Soule this paſſion what pretence
Had guilt to ſtaine thy ſpotleſſe innocence;
Thoſe onely this feele who have guilty been,
Nor any bluſhes know but who know ſin.

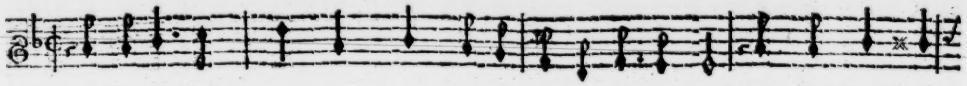
The Cloſe.



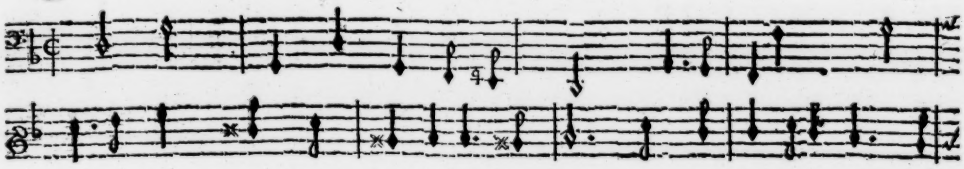
Then bluſh no more, bluſh no more, but let thy chaſter flame that knows no



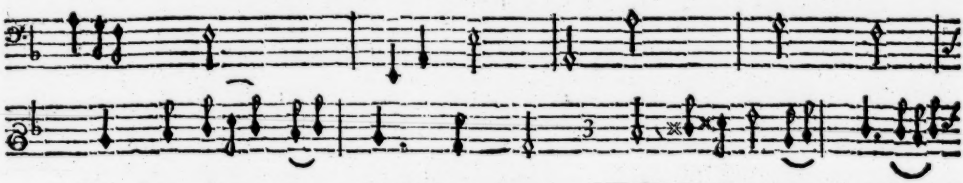
cauſe know no effects of ſhame.



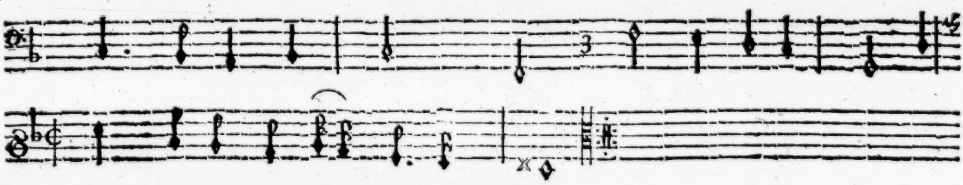
ON this ſwelling bank once proud, of its burden Doris lay; here ſhe ſmil'd and



did uncloud thoſe bright Suns eclipſe the day; here we ſate, and with kind



Art ſhee about mee twin'd her Armes, claſp't in hers my hand and

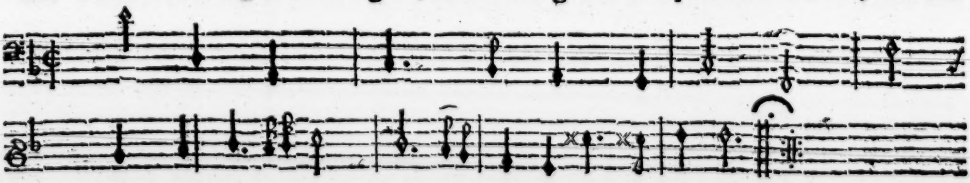


heart fetter'd in thoſe pleaſing charmes.

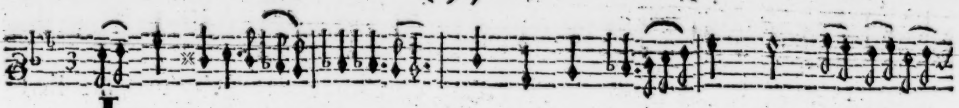
II. Hear my Love and Joys ſhe crown'd,
While ſt the hours ſtood ſtill before me,
With a killing glance did wound,
And a melting kiſs reſtore me.
On the down of either breſt,
While ſt with joy my ſoul retir'd,
My reclining head did reſt,
Till her lips new life inſpir'd.

The Cloſe.

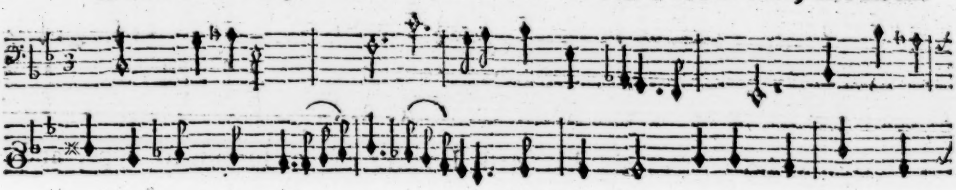
III. Thus renewing of theſe ſights, doth with griefe and pleaſure fill me, and the



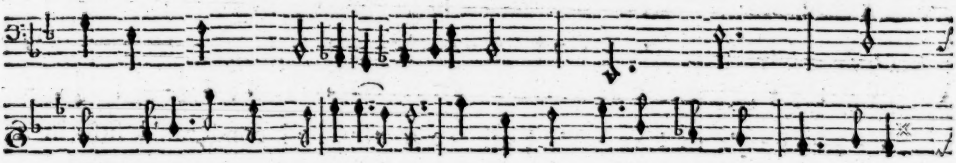
thought of theſe delights, both at once revive and kill me.



I Prethee let my heart alone, ſince now 'tis rais'd above thee; not all the



beauty thou doſt own again can make me love thee. He that was ſhipwrackt



once before by ſuch a Syrens call, and yet neg'ects to ſhun the ſhore, deſerves

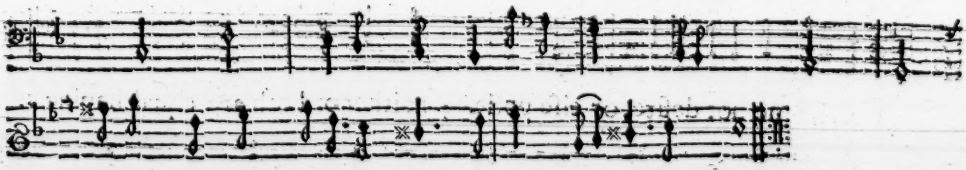
his ſecond fall.

II.

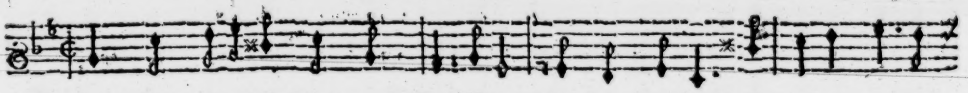
Each flatt'ring kiſs, each tempting ſmile
Thou doſt in vain beſtow,
Some other Lovers might beguile
Who not thy falſhood know.
But I am proof againſt all art,
No vows ſhall ere perſwade me
Twiſe to preſent a wounded heart
To her that hath betray'd me.

The Cloſe.

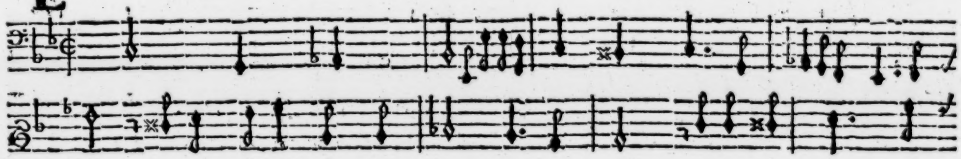
Could I again be brought to love thy form, though more di-vine,



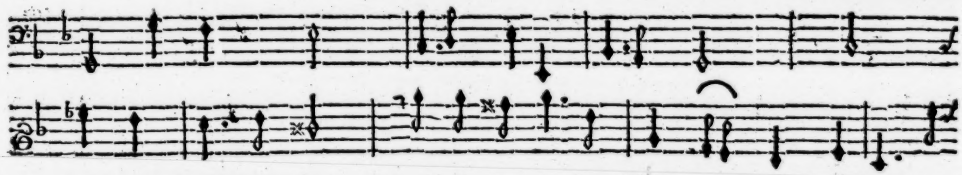
I might thy ſcorn as juſtly move, as now thou ſuffer'ſt mine,



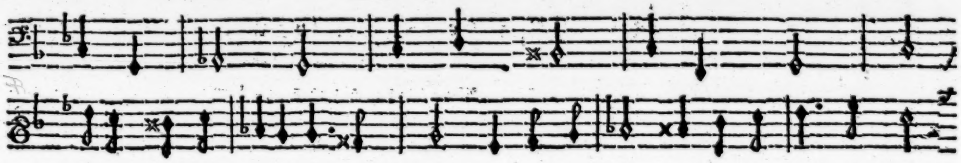
LOve what tyranick laws muſt they obey, who bow beneath thy uncontrolled



ſway; or how unjuſt will that harſh Empire prove, forbids to hope, and



yet commands to love: Muſt all are to thy hell condemn'd ſuſtain a



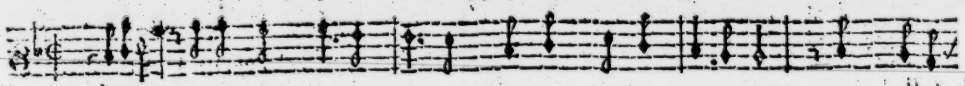
double torture of deſpair and pain; is't not enough vainly to hope and woo,

that thou ſhouldſt thus deny that vain hope too.

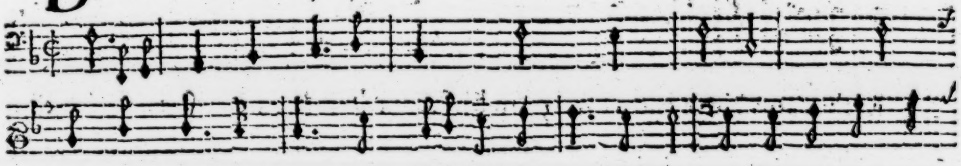
II. It were ſome hope *Ixion*-like to fold
The empty air, or feed on thoughts that's cold:
But if thou to my paſſion this deny,
Thou mayſt be ſtarv'd to death as well as I.
For how can thy pale ſickly flame burn clere,
When death and old deſpair inhabit here?
Then let thy dim heat warm, or elſe expire;
Diſſolve this froſt, or let that quench the fire.

The Cloſe.

Thus let me not deſire, or elſe poſſeſs; neither or both are equal hapineſs.

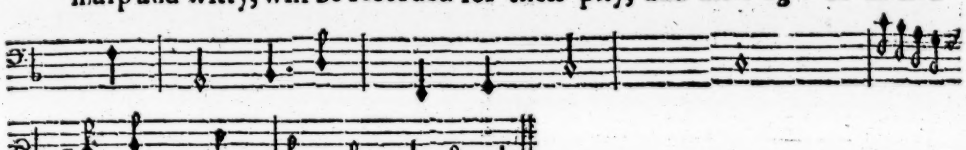


Delay? Alas there cannot be to Love a greater tyrannie: thoſe cruel

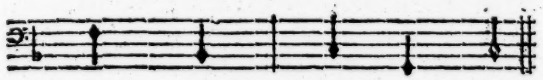


beauties that have ſlain their Votaries by their diſdain, or ſtudied torments

ſharp and witty, will be recorded for their pity, and after-ages be miſled



to think them blind, when this is ſpred.

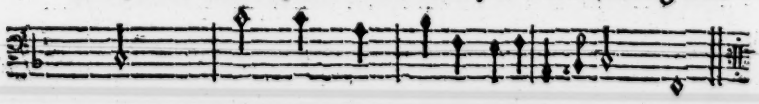


II. Of deaths the ſpeedyeſt is Deſpair,
Delays the ſloweſt torments are:
Thy cruelty at once deſtoys
But expectation ſtarves my joys:
Time and *Delay*, may bring me paſt
The power of Love to cure, at laſt;
And ſhouldſt thou wiſh to eaſe my pain,
Thy pity might be lent in vain.

The Cloſe.

Or if thou haſt decreed that I muſt be beneath thy cruelty: Oh kill me

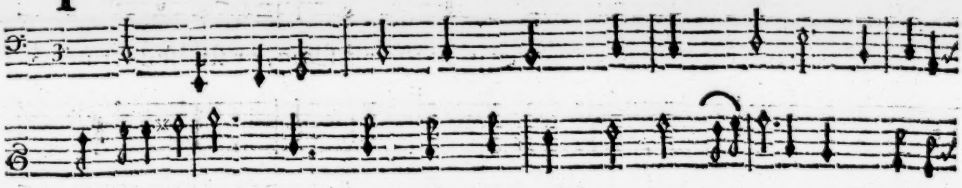
ſoon, thou wilt expreſs more mercy ev'n in ſhewing leſs.



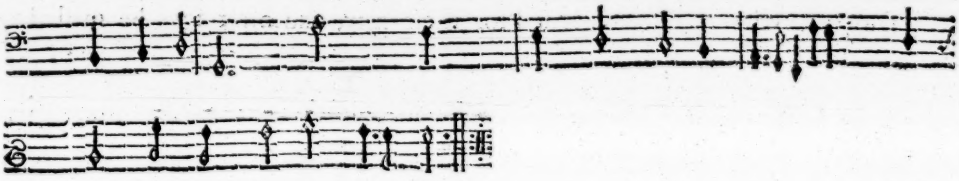
Prethee

I.

PRethee trouble me no more; I will drink, bee mad, and rore: *Alcmæon*



and *Oreſtes* grew mad, when they their Mothers ſlew: but I no man having



kill'd am with hurtleſſe fury fill'd;

II.

Hercules with madneſſe ſtrook;
Bent his Bow, his Quiver ſhook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hectors Sword, and graſpt his Shield:
I nor Spear nor Target have,
But this Cup (my weapon) wave:

The Cloſe.

III.

Crown'd with roſes, thus for more Wine I call, drink, dance, and rore.

I.

ROſes (Loves delight) let's joyn to the red cheek'd God of Wine: Roſes

crown us, while we laugh, and the juyce of Autumn quaff: Roſes of all

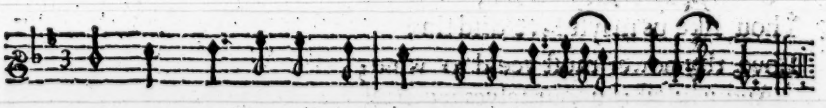
Flowers the King; Roſes the freſh pride oth' ſpring:

II.

Joy of every Deitie;
Love, when with the graces he
For the Ball himſelf diſpoſes,
Crowns his golden hair with Roſes.
Circling then with theſe our brow
We'l to *Bacchus* Temple go:

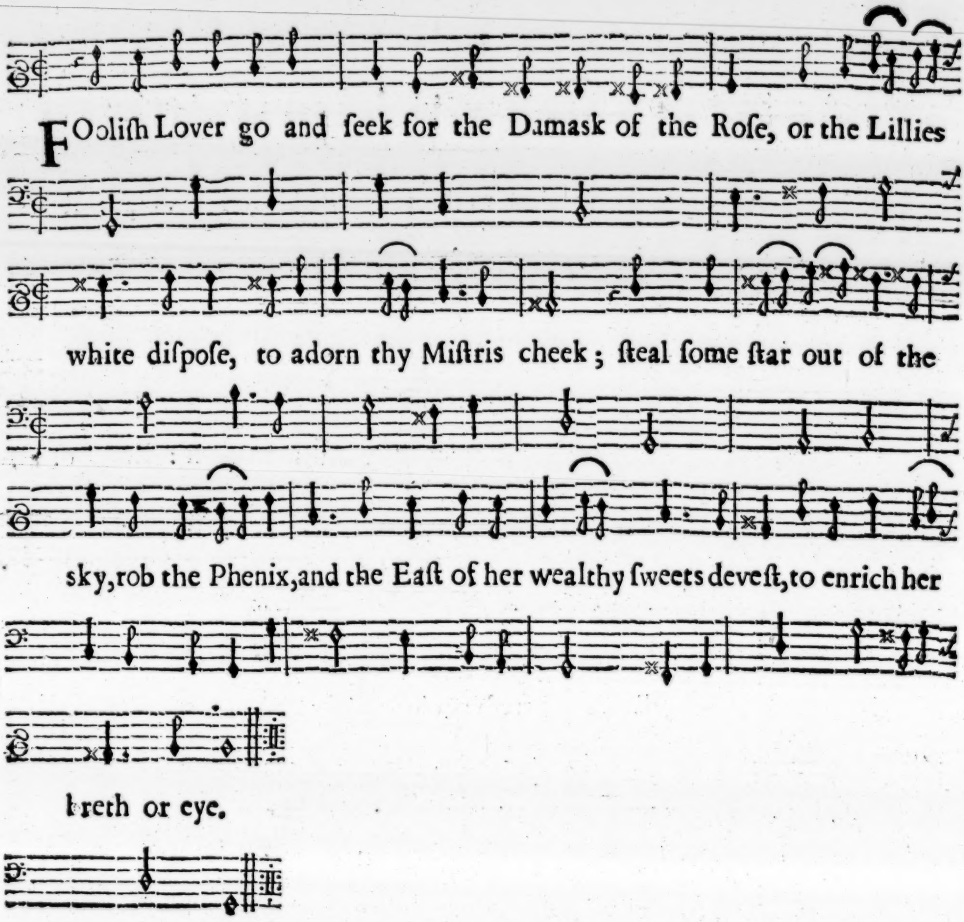
The Cloſe.

III.



There ſome willing Beauty lead, and a youthful meaſure tread.

I.



II.

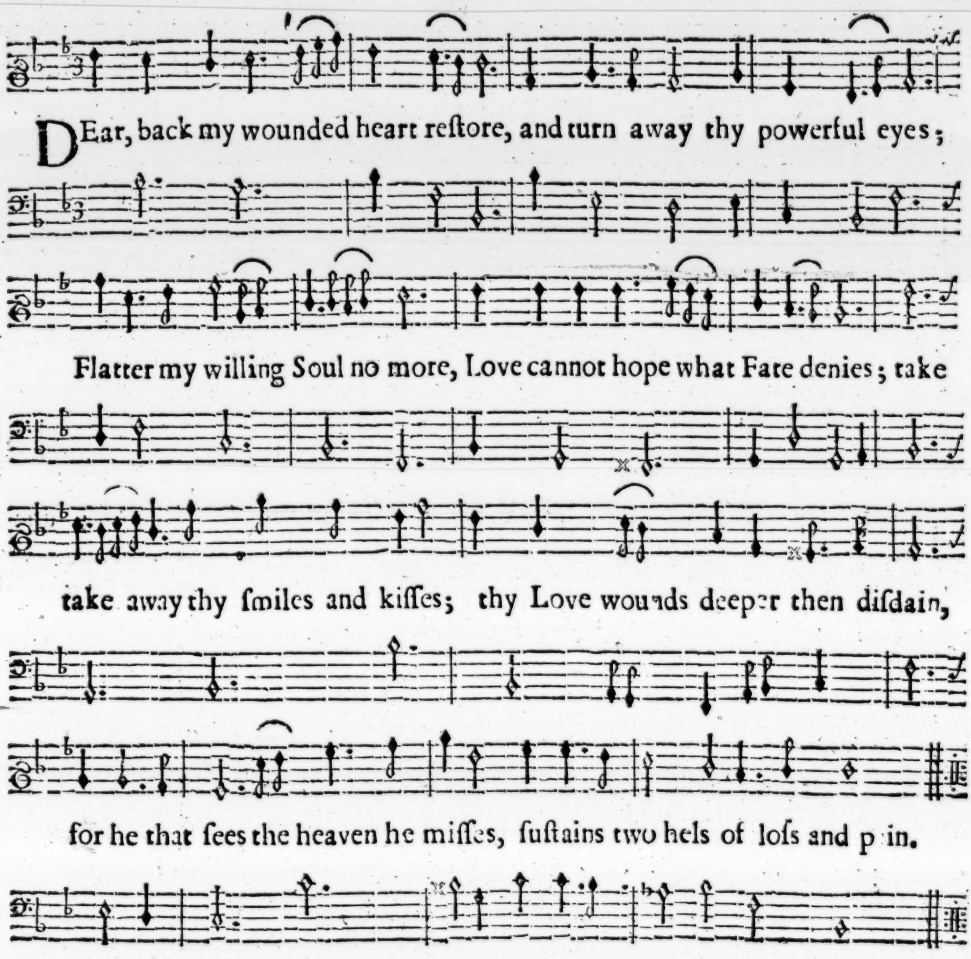
We thy borrow'd pride deſpiſe
For this wine to which we are
Votaries, is richer far
Then her cheeks, or breth, or eyes:
And ſhould that coy fair one view
Theſe diviner beauties, ſhe
In theſe flames would rival thee,
And be taught to love thee too.

III.

Come then break thy wanton chain,
That when this brisk wine hath ſpred
On thy paler cheek a red,
Thou like us mayſt love diſdain:
Love, thy power muſt yeeld to wine;
And whileſt thus our ſelves we arm,
Boldly we defie thy charm,
For theſe flames diſtinguiſh thine.

Dear,

I.



II.

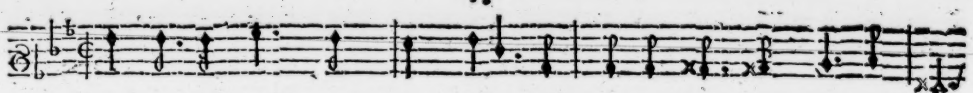
Shouldſt thou ſome others ſuit prefer,
I might return thy ſcorn to thee,
And learn Apoſtaſie of her
Who taught me firſt Idolatrie.
Or in thy unrelenting breaſt
Should I diſdain or coyneſs move,
He by thy hate might be releas'd,
Who now is priſoner to thy love.

III.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Thoſe whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruel as this force,
And I in death ſhall be delighted.
Thus whileſt ſo many Suppliants woe
And beg, they may thy pity prove,
I only for thy ſcorn do ſue,
'Tis charity here not to love.

Since

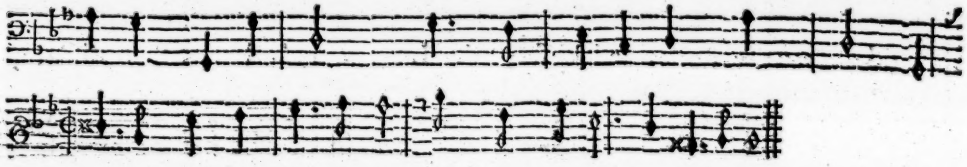
I.



SInce Fate commands me hence, and I muſt leave my ſoul with thee, and die

Dear, ſpare one ſigh, or elſe let fall a tear to crown my Funeral, that I may

tell my grieved heart, Thou art unwilling we ſhould part; and



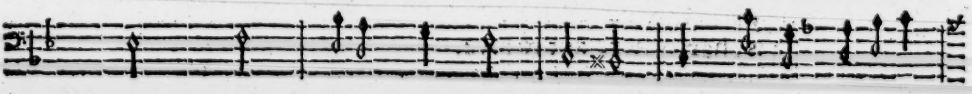
Martyrs that embrace the fire ſhall with leſs joy then I expire.

II. With this laſt kiſs I will bequeath
My ſoul tranſfus'd into thy breath;
Whoſe active heat ſhal gently ſlide
Into my breaſt, and there reſide:
And may in ſpight of Fate thus bleſt
Be in this death of heaven poſſeſt:
Then prove but kind, and thou ſhalt ſee
Love hath more power then Deſtinie.

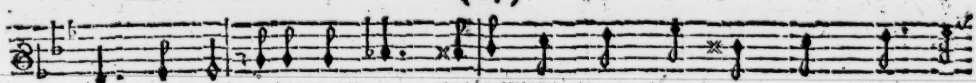
(17 *Song.*)

CHide, chide no more; Away, the fleeting daughters of the day;

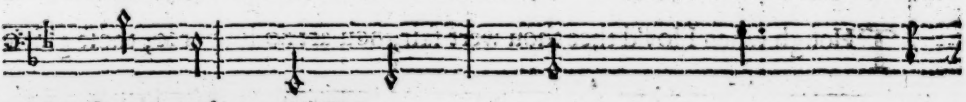
nor with impatient thoughts out-run the lazie Sun, nor think the hours do



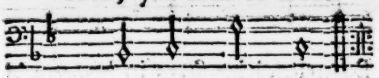
move



move to ſlow delay is kind, and we too ſoon ſhall find, that which we

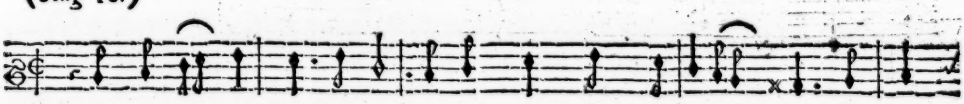


ſeek, yet fear to find.

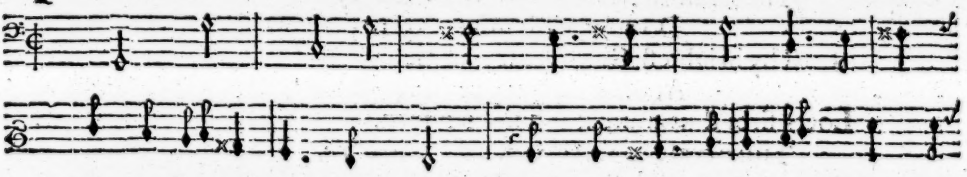


II. The myſtick dark decrees
Unfold not of the Deſtinies,
Nor boldly ſeek to antedate
The Laws of Fate;
Thy anxious ſearch a while forbear,
Suppreſs thy haſt,
And know that time at laſt
Will crown thy hope, or fix thy fear.

(Song 18.)



FOol take up thy ſhaft again, if thy ſtore thou profuſely ſpend in vain;



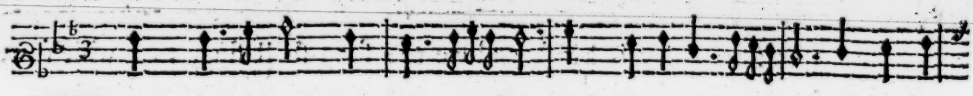
who can furniſh thee with more? Throw not then away thy darts, on

impenetrable hearts.

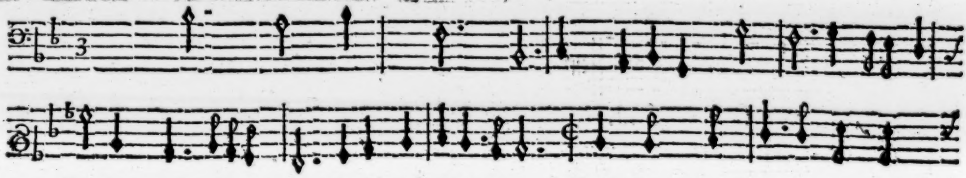
II. Think not thy pale flame can warm
Into tears,
Or diſſolve the ſnowy charm
Which her frozen boſom wears,
That expos'd unmelted lies
To the bright ſuns of her eyes.

III. But ſince thou thy power haſt loſt,
Nor canſt fire
Kindle in that breaſt, whoſe froſt
Doth theſe flames in mine inſpire,
Nor to thee but Her I'll ſue,
That diſdains both me and you.

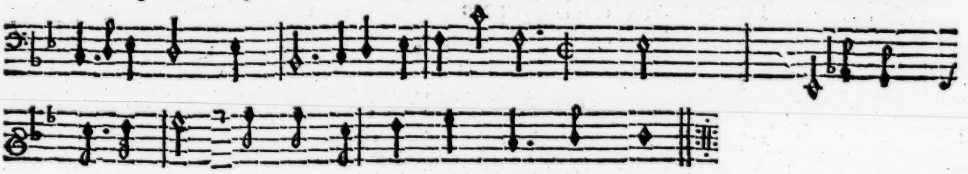
I.



THough when I lov'd thee thou wert fair, thou art no longer ſo; thoſe glories



all the pride they wear unto opinion owe; Beauties, like ſtars in borrow'd



luſtre ſhine, and 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

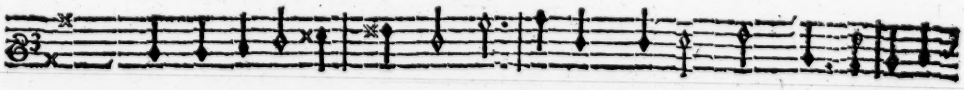
II.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire;
Thy brighteſt Graces fade and die
At once with my deſire;
Loves fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine ceaſe to ſhine, when mine to burn.

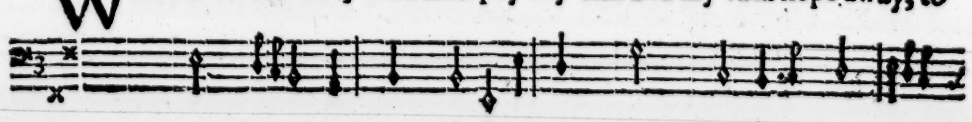
III.

Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy ſcorn thou doſt reſtore
The wealth my love beſtow'd;
And thy deſpis'd Diſdain too late ſhall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

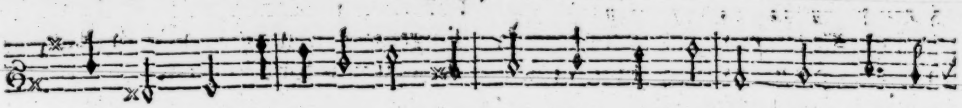
Song 20.



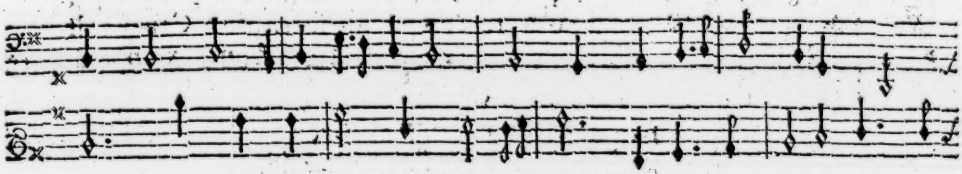
WHen deareſt Beauty thou ſhalt pay thy fith and my vain hope away, to



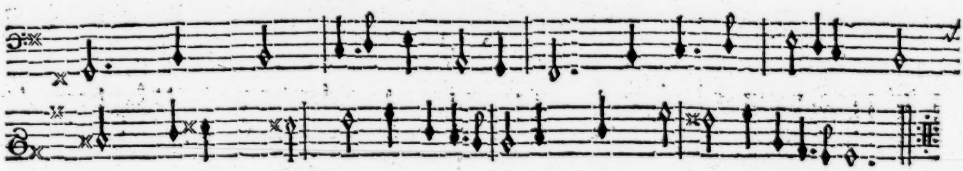
ſome



ſome dull Soul that cannot prize or know the worth of that thou doſt be-



ſtow; leaſt with thy ſighes and tears I might diſturb thy unconfin'd de-

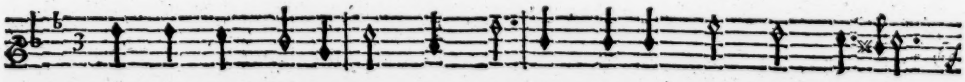


light; to ſome dark ſhade I will retire and there forgot by all, expire.

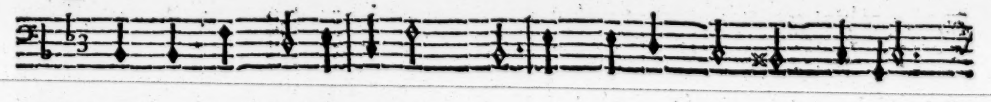
II.

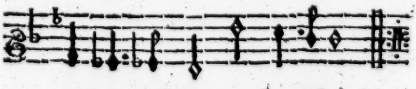
Thus whilſt the diffierence thou ſhalt prove,
Betwixt a feign'd and real Love,
Whilſt he, more happy, but leſs true,
Shall reap thoſe joyes I did purſue,
And with thoſe pleaſures crowned be
By Fate, which Love deſign'd for me
Then thouperhaps thy ſelf wilt find
Cruel too long, or too ſoon kind.

Song 21.

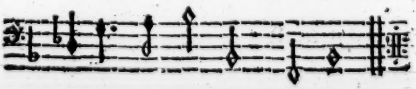


THink not pale Lover he who dies burnt in the flames of *Celias* eyes,





is unto Love a ſacrifice.



II.
Or by the merit of this pain
Thou ſhalt the crown of Martyrs gain
Thoſe hopes are as thy paſſion vain.

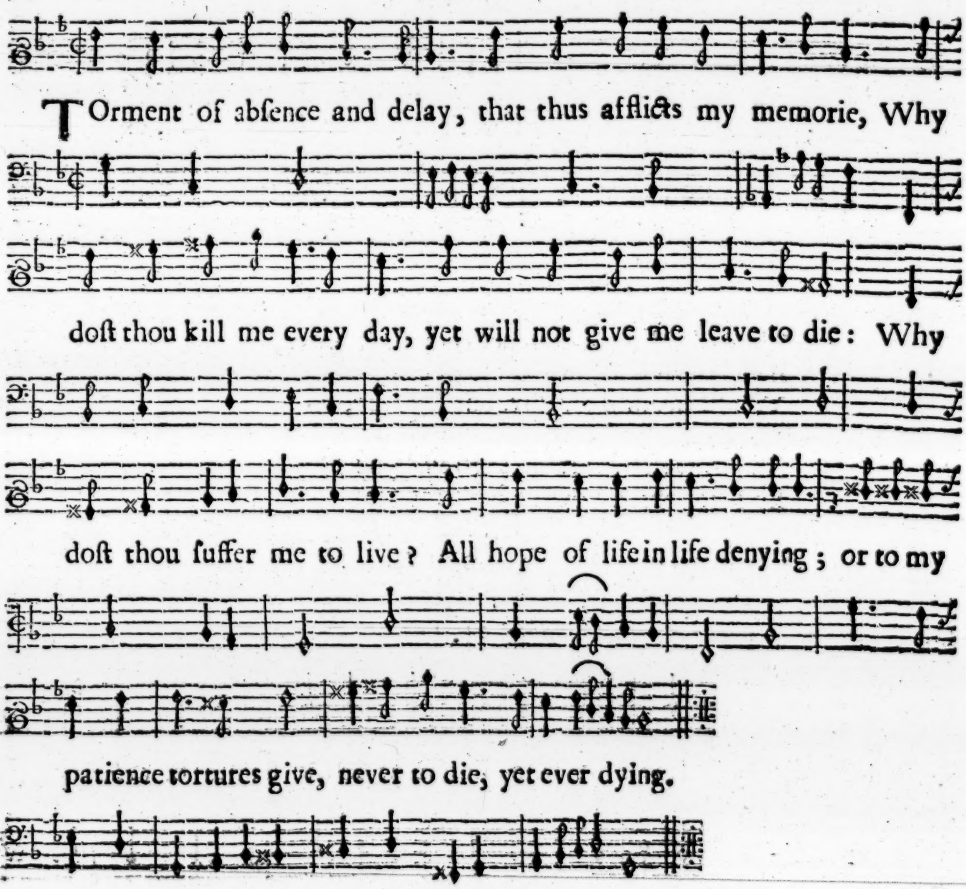
III.
For when by death from theſe flames free
To greater thou condemn'd ſhalt be,
And puniſht for Idolatrie.

IV.
Since thou Loves Votary before,
Whilſt ſhe was kind doſt him no more
But in his ſhrine diſdain adore.

V.
Nor will this fire the gods prepare
To puniſh ſcorn that Cruel fair
Thou now from flames exempted ſpare.

VI.
But as together both ſhal die,
Both burnt alike in flames ſhal lie,
She in thy heart, thou in her eye.

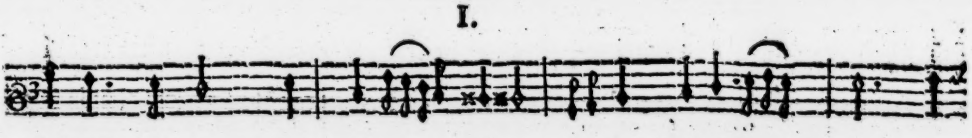
(22.)



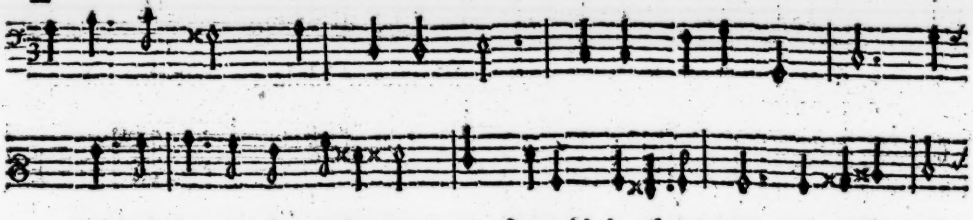
II. To fair *Narciſſa*'s brighter eyes,
I was by Loves inſtruction guided,
A happineſs I long did prize,
But now am from their light divided.
Favours and gifts my Suit obtain'd,
But envyous Fate would now deſtroy them;
Which if to loſe I only gain'd,
What greater pain then to enjoy them.

Song 23.

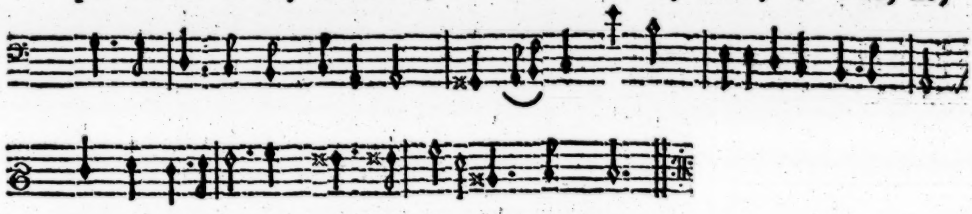
I.



I Will not truſt thy tempting graces, or thy deceitfull charms; nor



pris'ner be to thy embraces, or fetter'd in thy arms; no *Celia*, no,



not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart.

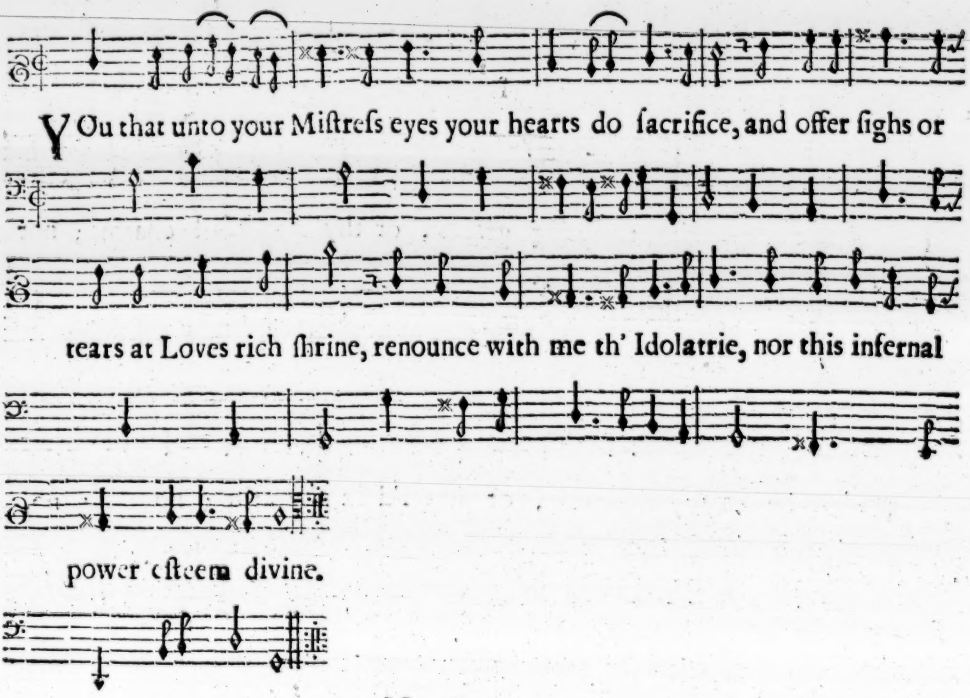
II.

I will not gaze upon thy Eyes,
Or wanton with thy Hair,
Leſt thoſe ſhould burn me by ſurprize,
Or theſe my ſoul enſnare:
Nor with thoſe ſmiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Since then my wary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If th u wouldſt mine ſhould captive be,
Thou muſt thine own reſigne,
And gratitude may thus move more
Then Love or Beauty could before.

I.



II.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow,
Which we did firſt beſtow,
And he as tribute wears from every Lover,
I back again
From him have tane,
And the Impoſtor now unvail'd diſcover.

III.

I can the feeble childe diſarm,
Unty his myſtick charm,
Deveſt him of his Wings, and break his Arrow,
We will obey
No more his ſway,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds ſo narrow.

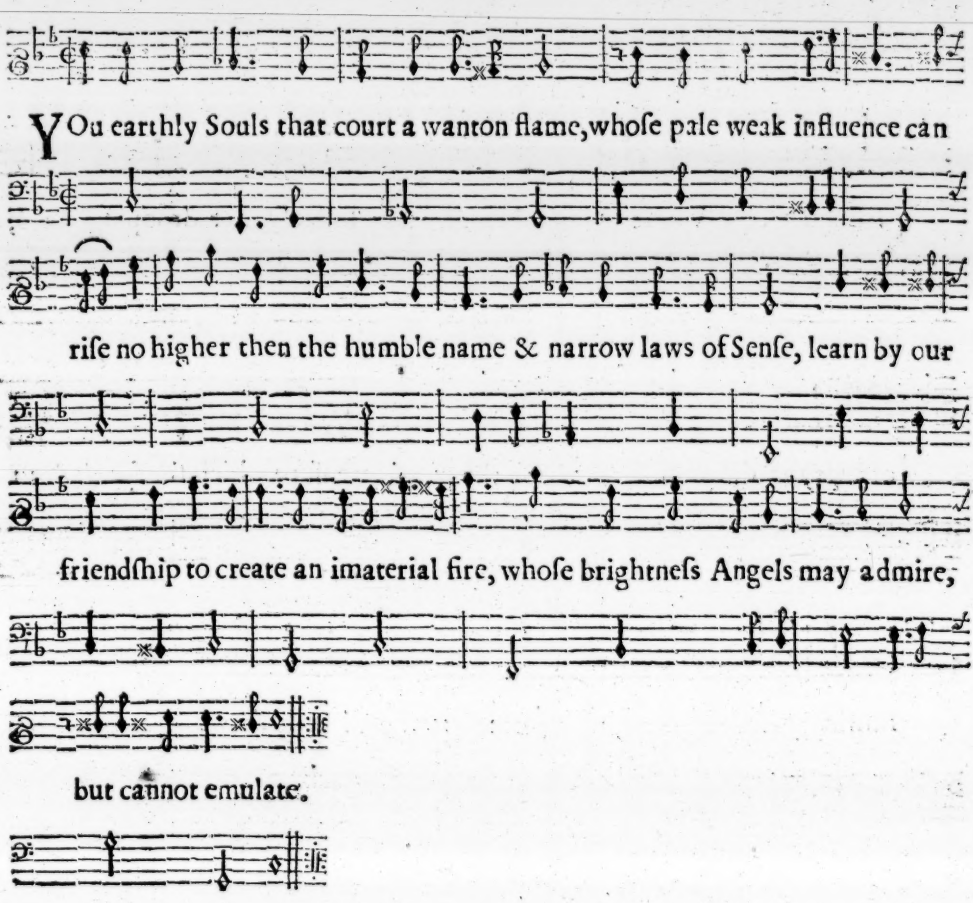
IV.

And you bright Beauties that inſpire
The boys pa'e torch with fire.
We ſafely now your ſubtil power deſpiſe,
And (unſcorch'd) may
Like Atoms play,
And wanton in the ſun-ſhine of your eyes.

V.

Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raiſe this Devil by your pleaſing charm;
We will no more
His power implore,
Unleſs like Indians, that he do no harm.

I.



II.

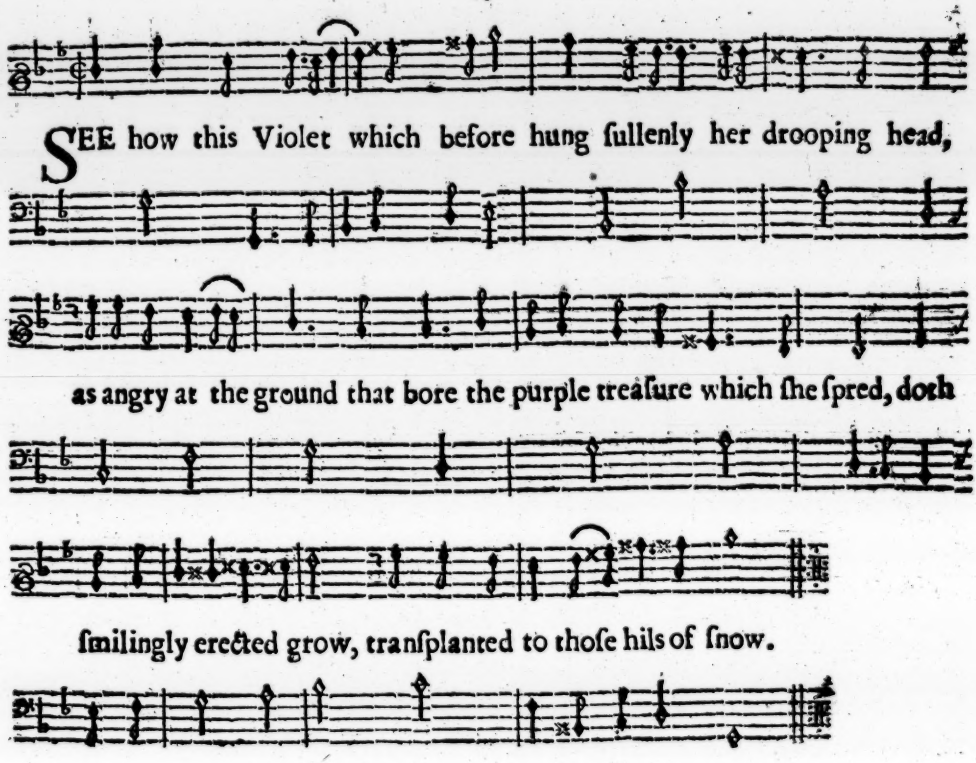
Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the Lillies fade,
But all the subtil wayes that death doth seek
Cannot my love invade:
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
Through time and age expire;
But ours that boast a reach far higher
Cannot decay, nor die.

III.

For when we must resigne our vital breath,
Our Loves by Fate benighted,
We by this friendship shall survive in death,
Even in divorce united.
Weak Love through fortune or distrust
In time forgets to burn,
But this pursues us to the Urn,
And marries either's dust.

Song 26.

I.



SEE how this Violet which before hung ſullenly her drooping head,
as angry at the ground that bore the purple treaſure which ſhe ſpred, doth
ſmilingly erected grow, tranſplanted to thoſe hils of ſnow.

II.

And whileſt the pillows of thy breaſt
Do her reclining head ſuſtain,
She ſwels with pride to be ſo bleſt,
And doth all others flowers diſdain;
Yet weeps that dew which kiſt her laſt,
To ſee her odours ſo ſurpaſt.

III.

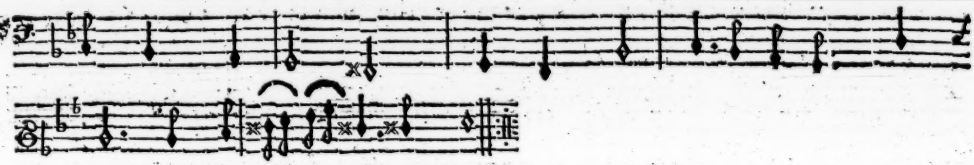
Poor flower, how far deceiv'd thou wert,
To think the riches of the morn,
Or all the ſweets ſhe can impart,
Could theſe or ſweeten, or adorn,
Since thou from them doſt borrow ſent,
And they to thee lend ornament.

Song 27.

I.

WHy thy paſſion ſhould it move, that I wiſht thy Beauty leſs? Fools

deſire what is above power of nature to expreſs, and to wiſh it had been



more, had been to outwiſh her ſtore.

II.

If the flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inſpire,
Men might languiſh, yet not dye,
At thy leſs ungentle fire,
And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not loſe their ſight.

III.

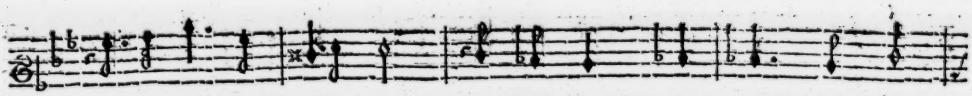
Nor wouldſt thou leſs fair appear,
For detraction adds to thee;
If ſome parts leſs beauteous were,
Others would much fairer be:
Nor can any part we know
Beſt be ſtyl'd, when all are ſo.

IV.

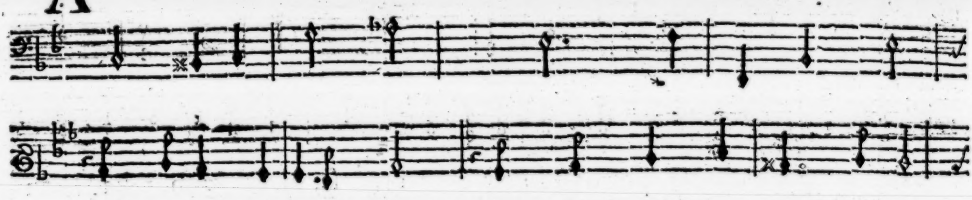
Thus this great exceſs of light
Which now dazels our weak eyes,
Would eclips'd, appear more bright,
And the only way to riſe;
Or to be more fair then thee
Celia, is leſs fair to bee.

Song 28.

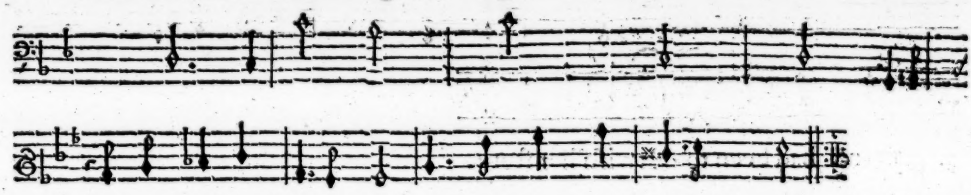
I.



ASk the Empreſs of the night, how that hand which guides her ſphere,



conſtant in unconſtant light, taught the waves her yoke to bear:



And did thus by loving force curb or tame the rude Seas courſe.

II.

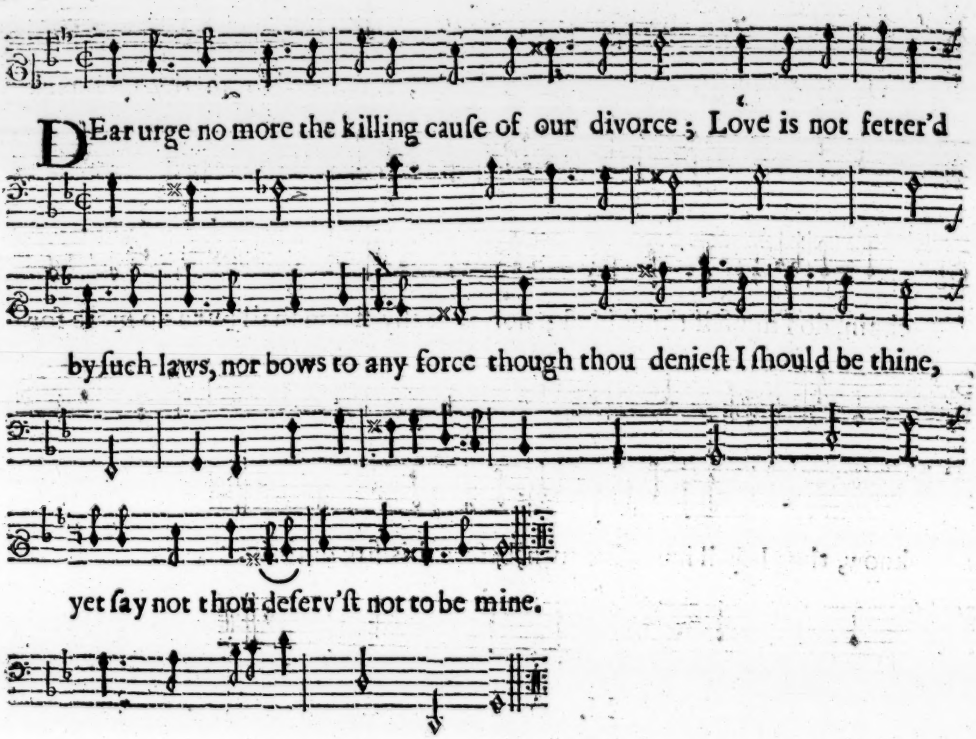
Ask the female Palm how ſhe
  Firſt did wooe her Husbands love;
And the Magnetick, ask how ſhe
  Doth the obſequious Iron move:
Waters, Plants, and Stones know this,
That they love, not what Love is.

III.

Be not thou leſs kind then thoſe,
  Or from Love exempt alone;
Let us twine like amorous Trees,
  And like Rivers melt in one;
Or if thou more cruel prove,
Learn of Steel and Stone to love.

Song 29.

I.



II.

Oh rather frown away my breath
With thy diſdain,
Or flatter me with ſmiles to death;
By joy or ſorrow ſlain,
'Tis leſs crime to be kill'd by thee,
Then I thus cauſe of mine own death ſhould be.

III.

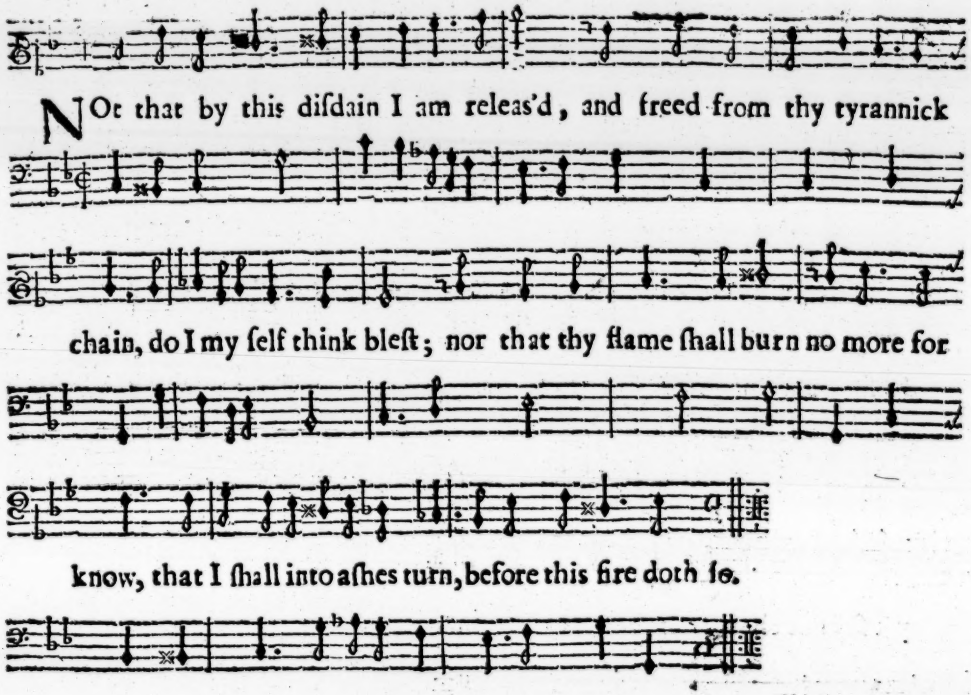
Thy ſelf of beauty to deveſt
And me of love,
Or from the worth of thine own breaſt
Thus to detract, would prove
In us a blindneſs, and in thee
At beſt a ſacri'egious modeſtie.

IV.

But (*Celia*) if thou wilt deſpiſe
What all admire,
Nor rate thy ſelf at the juſt price
Of beauty or deſire.
Yet meet thy flames, and thou ſhalt ſee
That equal love knows no diſparitie.

Song 25.

I.



II.

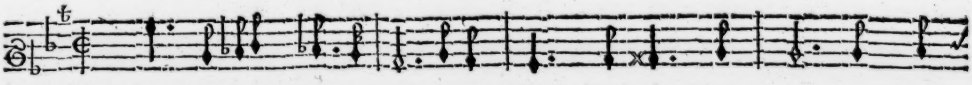
Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove,
And with new beauties pleaſe my mind;
But that thou ne'r didſt love:
For ſince thou haſt no part
Felt of this flame,
I only from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not baniſh'd am.

III.

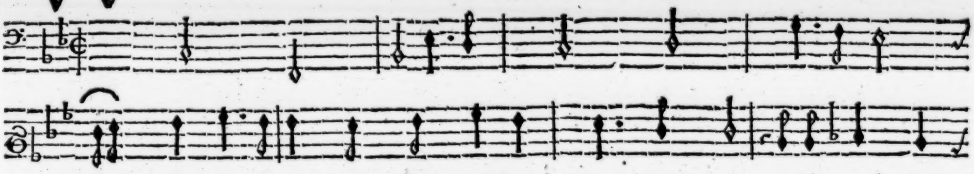
To looſe what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Then thoſe inconſtant ſweets of thine
Had pleas'd my ſoul before.
Now I have not loſt the bliſs
I ne'r poſſeſt;
In ſpight of Fate am bleſt in this,
That I was never bleſt.

Song 31.

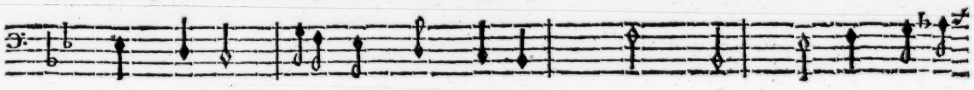
I.



WHen deceitful Lovers lay at thy feet, their ſuppliant hearts and their



ſnares ſpread to betray thy beſt treaſure with their arts, credit not their



flatt'ring vows, Love ſuch perjury allows.

II.

When they with their choyceſt wealth
Nature boaſts of, have poſſeſt thee;
When with flowers their verſes ſtealth,
Stars to Jewels doth deveſt thee:
Truſt not to their borrow'd ſtore,
'Tis but lent to make thee poor.

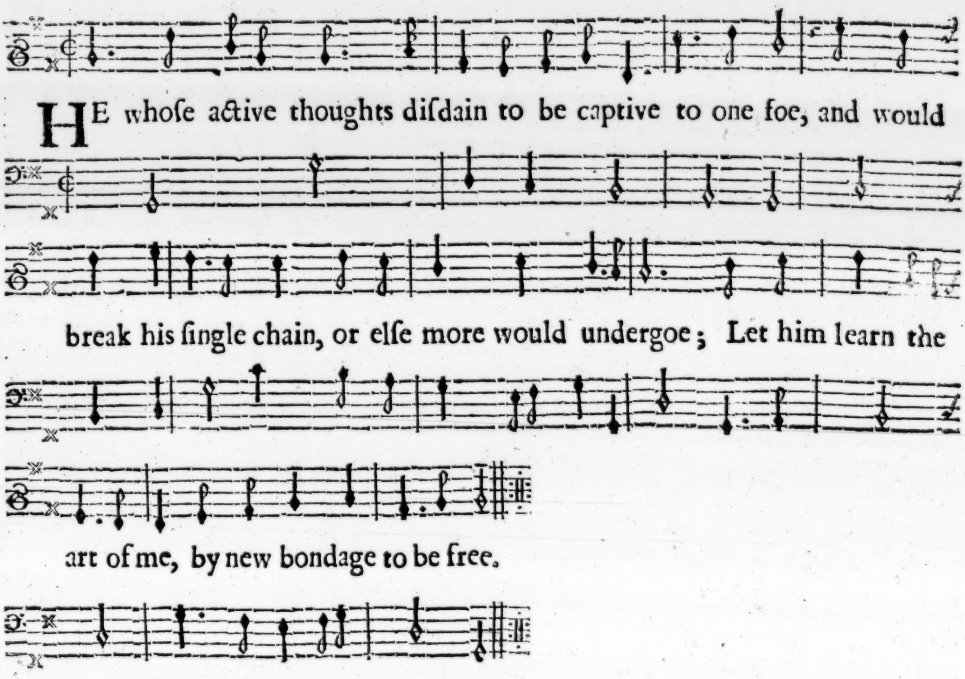
III.

When with Poems they invade thee,
Sigh thy praiſes, or diſdain;
When they weep, and would perſwade thee
That their flames beget that rain:
Let thy breaſt no bates let in,
Mercy's only here a ſin.

IV.

Let no tears or offrings move thee,
At thoſe cunning charms avoyd,
For that wealth for which they love thee
They would ſlight, if once enjoy'd:
Guard thy unrelenting mind,
None are cruel, but the kind.

I.



II.

What tyrannick Miſtreſs dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who unbounded as the aire
All may court but none decline:
Why ſhould we the Heart deny
As many objects as the Eye?

III.

Whereſoe're I turn or move
A new paſſion doth detaine me;
Thoſe kind beauties that do love,
Or thoſe proud ones that diſdain me;
This frown melts, and that ſmile burns me;
This to tears, th at aſhes turns me.

IV.

Soft freſh Virgins not full blown,
With their youthful ſweetneſs take me;
Sober Matrons that have known
Long ſince what theſe prove, awake me:
Here ſtaid coldneſs I admire,
There the lively active fire.

V.

She that doth by skill dispence
Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence
Which nor Court nor City knows,
Both alike my soul enflame,
That wilde beauty, and this tame.

VI.

She that wisely can adorn
Nature with the wealth of Art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrow'd helps to take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

VII.

Both the wanton and the coy
Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love;
This because she'l not confess,
That not hide her happiness,

VIII.

She whose loosly flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams o'th' Morn,
Playing with the sportive air,
Hides the sweets it doth adorn,
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

IX.

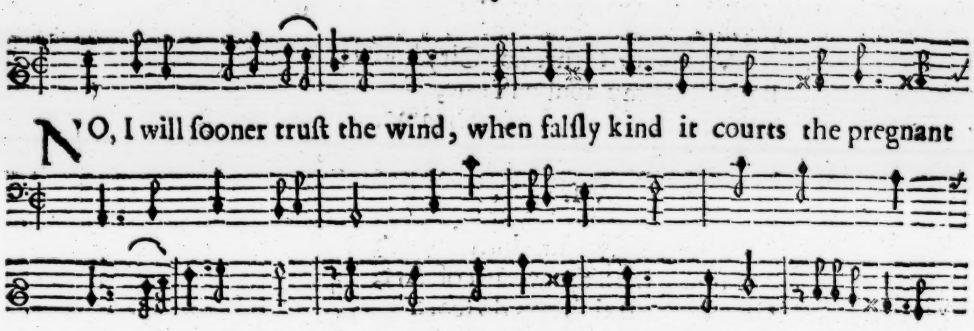
Nor doth she with power less bright
My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread like Night,
O're her shoulders a black shade;
For the star-light of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

X.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport;
The bold sprightly *Thais* woo,
Or the frozen vestall court;
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

Song 13.

I.



II.

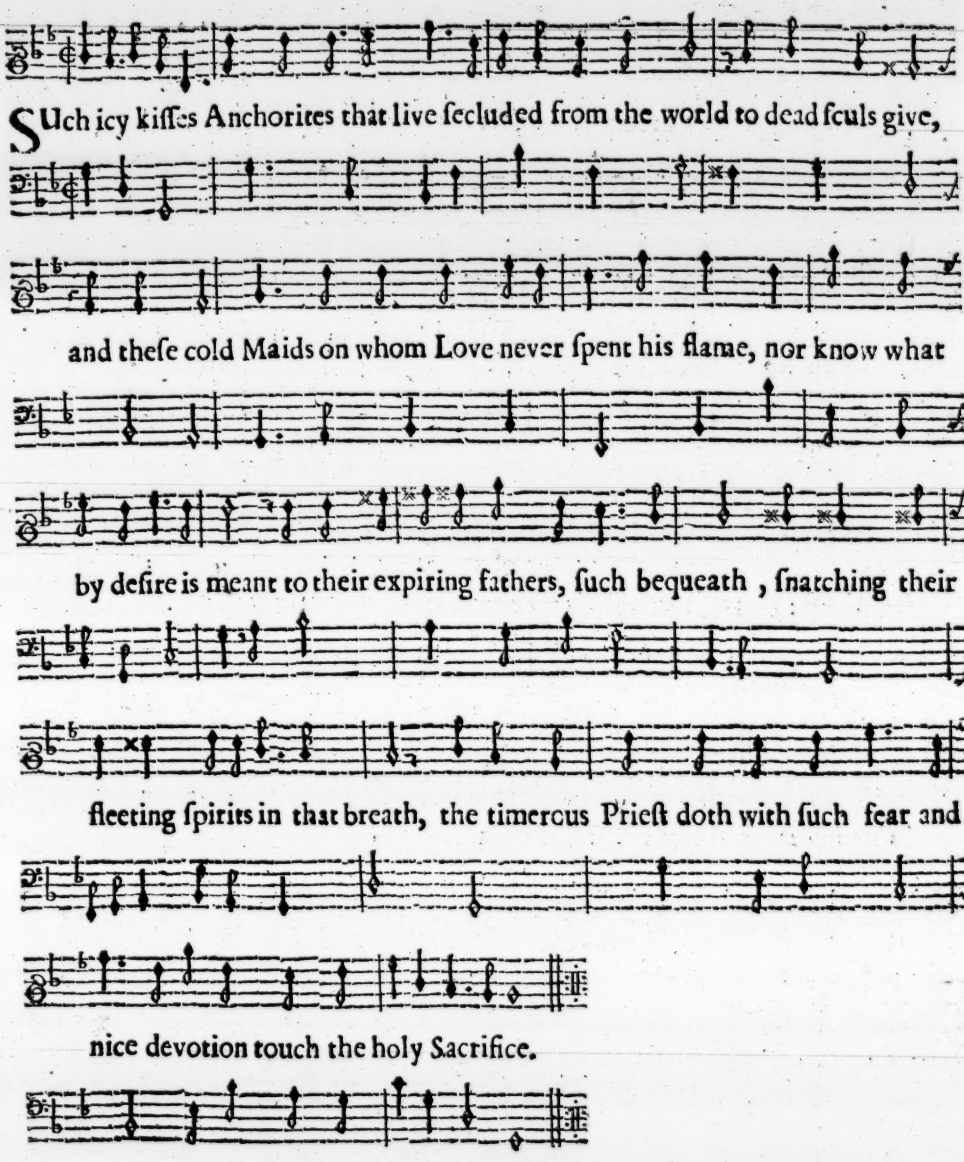
Go and beguile ſome eaſie heart
With thy vain art;
Thy ſmiles and kiſſes on thoſe foo's beſtow,
Who only ſee the Calms that ſleep
On this ſmooth flatt'ring Deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.

III.

They that like me thy falſhood prove,
Will ſcorn thy Love.
Some may deceiv'd at firſt adore thy Shrine,
But He that as thy ſacrifice
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

Such

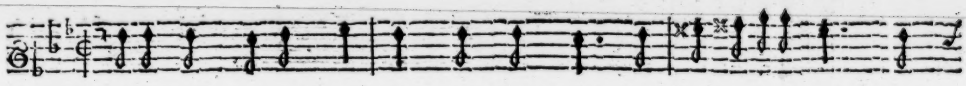
I.



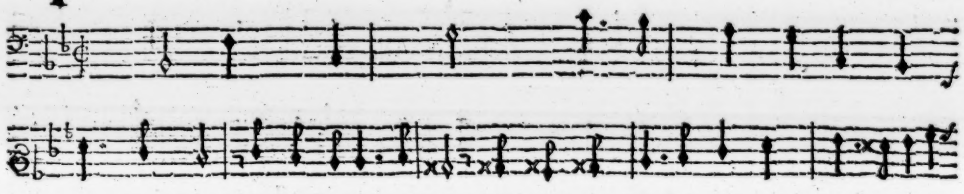
II.

Fie *Charieſſa*, whence ſo chang'd of late,
As to become in love a reprobate?
Quit, quit this dulneſs, Faireſt, and make known
A flame unto me, equal with my own:
Shake off this froſt for ſhame, that dwels upon
Thy lip, or if it will not ſo be gone,
Let's once more joyn our lip, and thou ſhalt ſee
That by the flame of mine 'twill melted be.

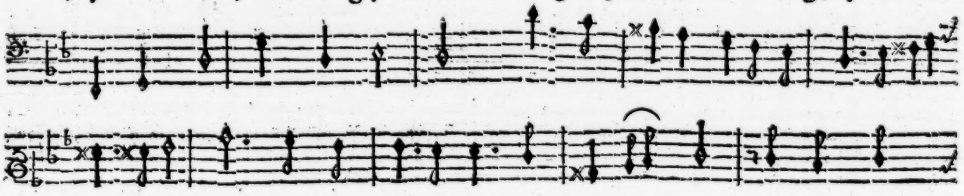
I.



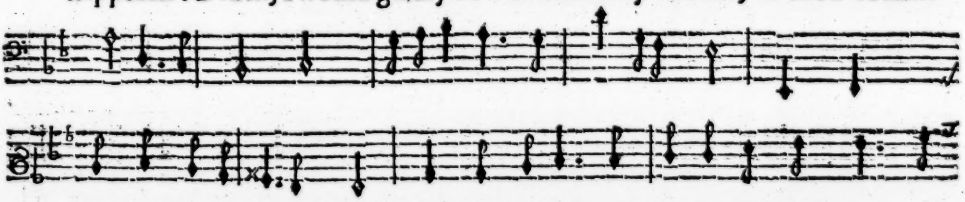
THat I might ever dream thus, that ſome power to my eternal ſleep would



joyn this hour, ſo willingly deceiv'd I might poſſeſs in ſeeming joys a real



happineſs: Death, I would gladly bow beneath thy charms, if thou couldſt



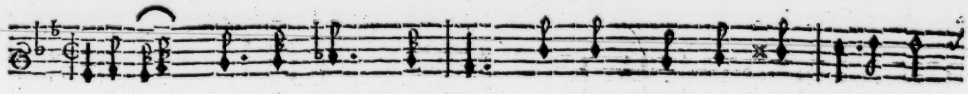
bring my *Doris* to my arms; that thus at laſt made happy I might prove in

life the hell, in death the heaven of love.

II.

Haſt not away ſo ſoon, mock not my joys
With the deluſive ſight, or empty noyſe
Of happineſs; Oh do not diſſipate
A pleaſure thou ſo lately didſt create.
Shadows of life or death do ſuch bliſs give,
That 'tis an equal curſe to wake or live;
Stay then kind ſleep, be ever here confin'd;
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind.

I.



ROſes in breathing forth their ſent, or ſtars their borrowed ornament;

Nymphs in the watery ſphere that move, or Angels in their orbs above;

the winged chariot of the light, or the ſlow ſilent wheels of night;

the ſhade which from the ſwifter Sun, doth in a circular motion run; or

ſouls that their eternal Reſt do keep, Make far leſs noiſe then *Calia*'s

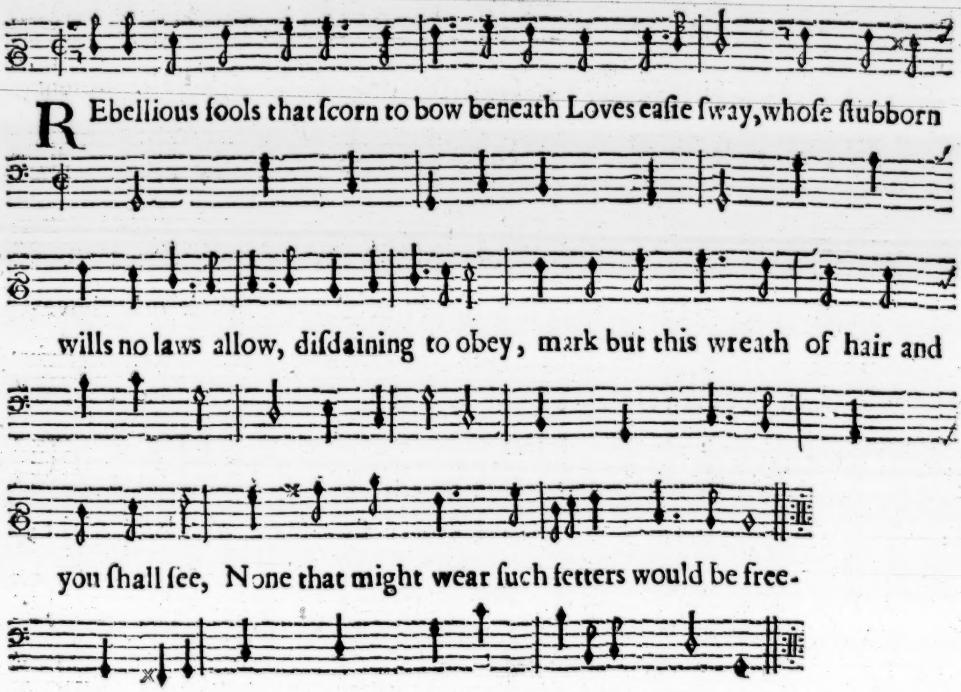
Breath in ſleep.

II.

But if the Angel which inſpires
This ſubtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and thoſe
Into a harmony diſpoſe;
The muſick of this heavenly ſphear
Would ſteal each ſoul out at the ear,
And into plants and ſtones infuſe
A life that Cherubins would chuſe;
And with new powers invert the laws of Fate,
Kill thoſe that live, and dead things animate.

Rebellious

I.



II.

I once could boaſt a ſoul like you
As unconfin'd as air;
But mine, which force could not ſubdue,
Was caught within this ſnare;
And (by my ſelf betray'd) I for this gold,
A heart that many ſtorms withſtood, have ſold.

III.

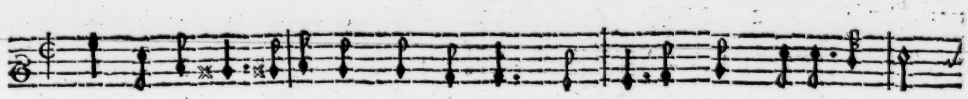
No longer now wiſe Art enquire
(With this vain ſearch delighted)
How ſouls that humane breaſts inſpire
Are to their frames united;
Material chains ſuch ſpirits well may bind,
When this ſoft braid can tie both Arm and Mind.

IV.

Now (Beauties) I defie your charm,
Rul'd by more powerful Art,
This myſtick wreath which crowns my Arm,
Defends my vanquiſht Heart;
And I, ſubdu'd by one more fair, ſhall be
Secur'd from Conqueſt by Captivity.

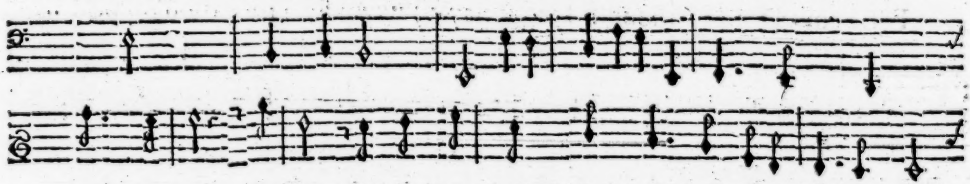
Yet

I.

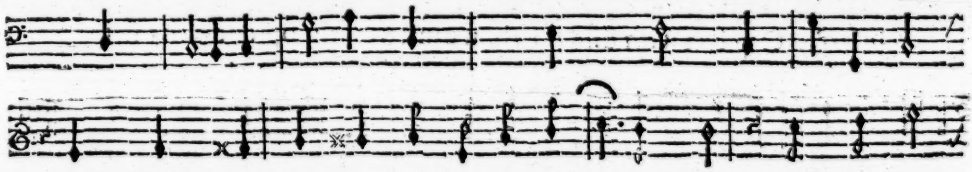


YEt ere I go, diſdainful Beauty thou ſhalt be ſo wretched, as to know

what joys thou fling'ſt away with me. A Faith ſo bright as Time or Fortune



could not ruſt; ſo firm that Lovers might have read thy ſtory in my duſt.



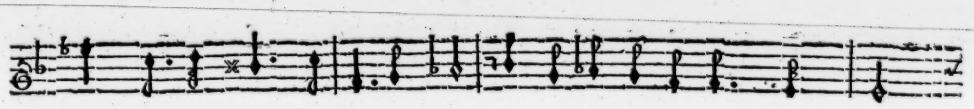
And crown'd thy name with Laurel verdant as thy Youth, whil'ſt the ſhril

voyce of Fame ſpread wide thy Beauty and my Truth.

II.

This thou haſt loſt;
For all true Lovers, when they find
That my juſt aims were croſt,
Will ſpeak thee lighter then the wind.
And none will lay
Any oblation on thy ſhrine,
But ſuch as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as falſe as thine.
Yet if thou chuſe
On ſuch thy freedome to beſtow,
Affection may excuſe,
For love from Sympathy doth flow.

I.



CAſt off for ſhame ungentle maid that misbecoming joy thou wear'ſt;

For in my Death (though long delay'd) unwiſely cruel thou appear'ſt.

Inſult o're Captives with diſdain, thou canſt not triumph or'e the ſlain.

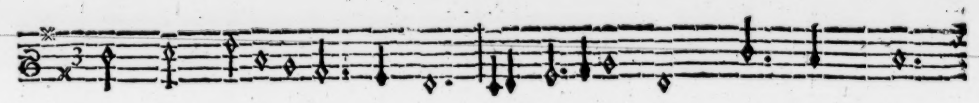
II.

No, I am now no longer thine,
Nor canſt thou take delight to ſee
Him whom thy love did once confine
Set, though by Death, at Liberty:
For if my fall a ſmile beget,
Thou glorieſt in thy own defeat.

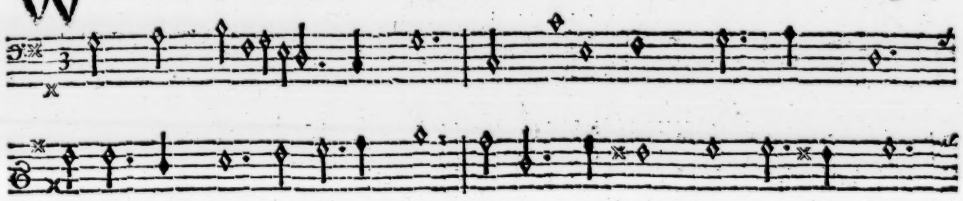
III.

Behold how thy unthrifty pride
Hath murthered him that did maintain it;
And wary Souls who never tride
Thy Tyrant Beauty, will diſdain it;
But I am ſofter, and that me
Thou wouldſt not pity, pity thee.

I.

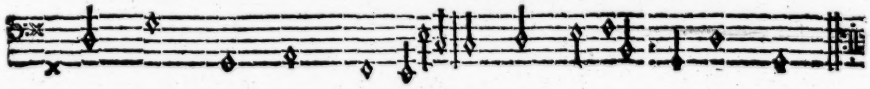


WErt thou by all affections ſought, & fairer then thou wouldſt be thought,



or had thine eyes as many Darts as thou believ'ſt they ſhoot at Hearts,

Yet if thy Love were payd to me, I would not offer mine to thee.



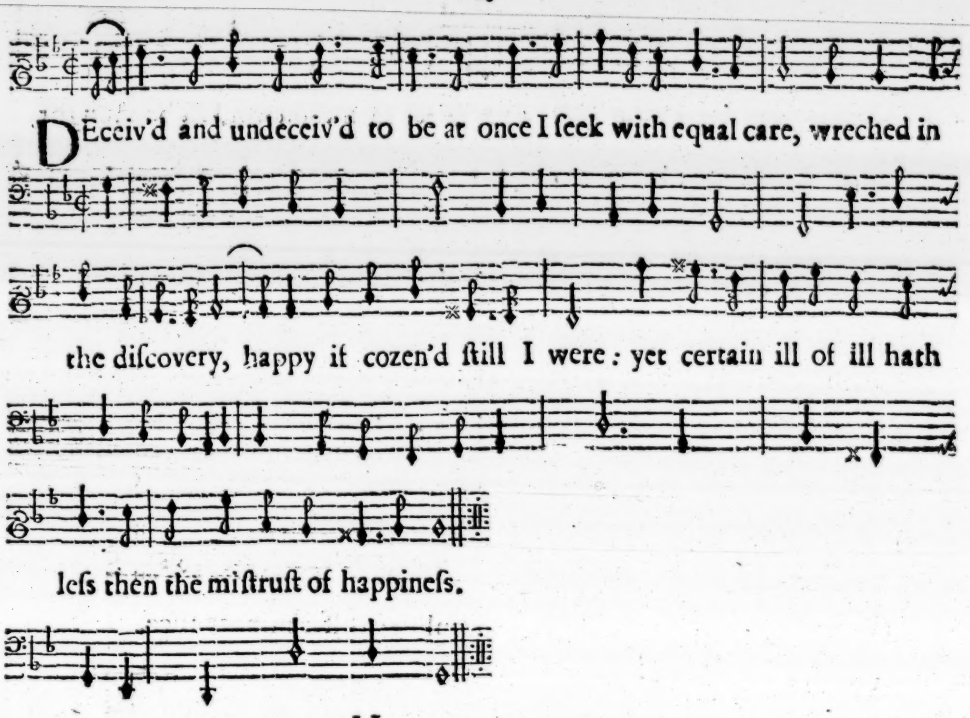
II.

Ide ſooner court a Feavers heat,
Then her that owns a Flame as great;
She that my Love will entertain,
Muſt meet it with no leſs diſdain.
For mutual fires themſelves deſtroy,
And willing Kiſſes yield no Joy.

III.

I love thee not becauſe alone
Thou canſt all Beauty call thine own;
Nor doth my paſſion fuel ſeek,
In thy bright Eye, or ſofter Cheek:
Then Faireſt if thou wouldſt know why
I love cauſe thou canſt deny.

I.



II.

But if when I have reach'd my aim,
(That which I ſeek leſs worthy prove,)
Yet ſtill my love remains the ſame,
The ſubject not deſerving love;
I can no longer be excus'd
Now more in fault as leſs abus'd.

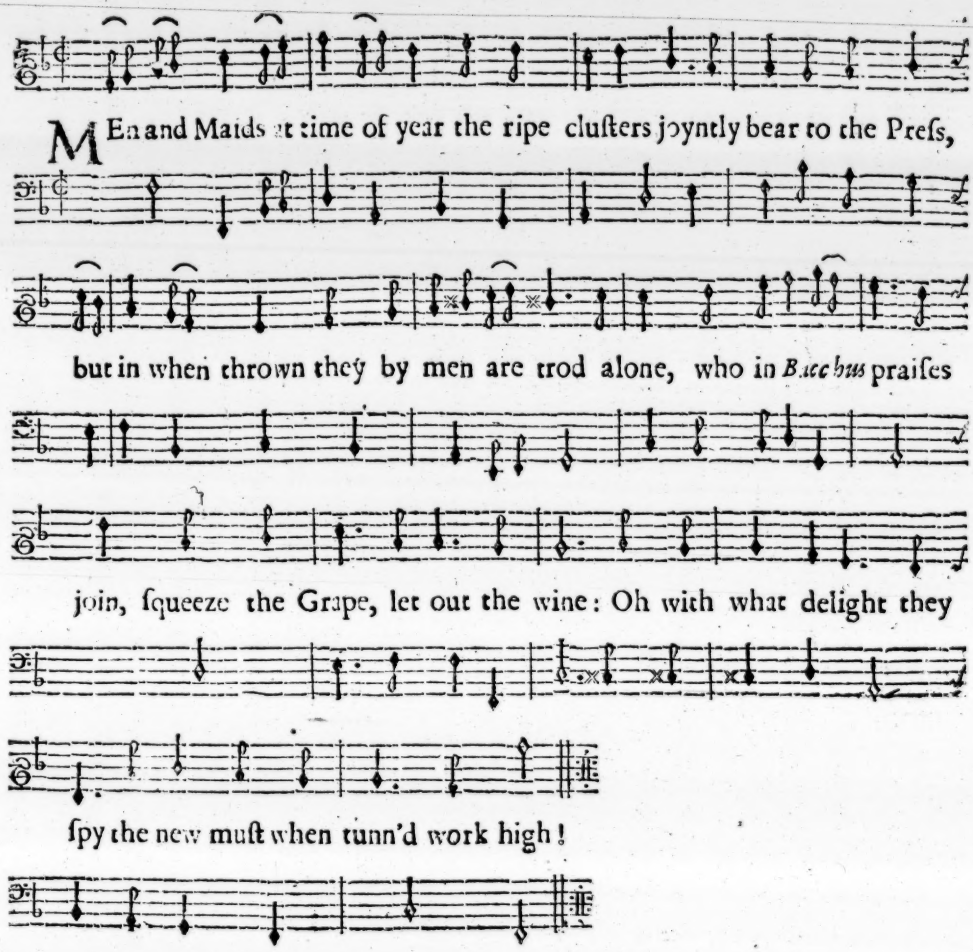
III.

Then let me flatter my deſires,
And doubt what I might know too ſure,
He that to cheat himſelf conſpires,
From falſhhood doth his faith ſecure
In Love uncertain to believe
I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

IV.

For if my Life on Doubt depend,
And in diſtruſt inconſtant ſteer,
If I eſſay the ſtrife to end
(When Ignorance were Wiſdome here;)
All thy attempts how can I blame
To work my Death? I ſeek the ſame.

I.



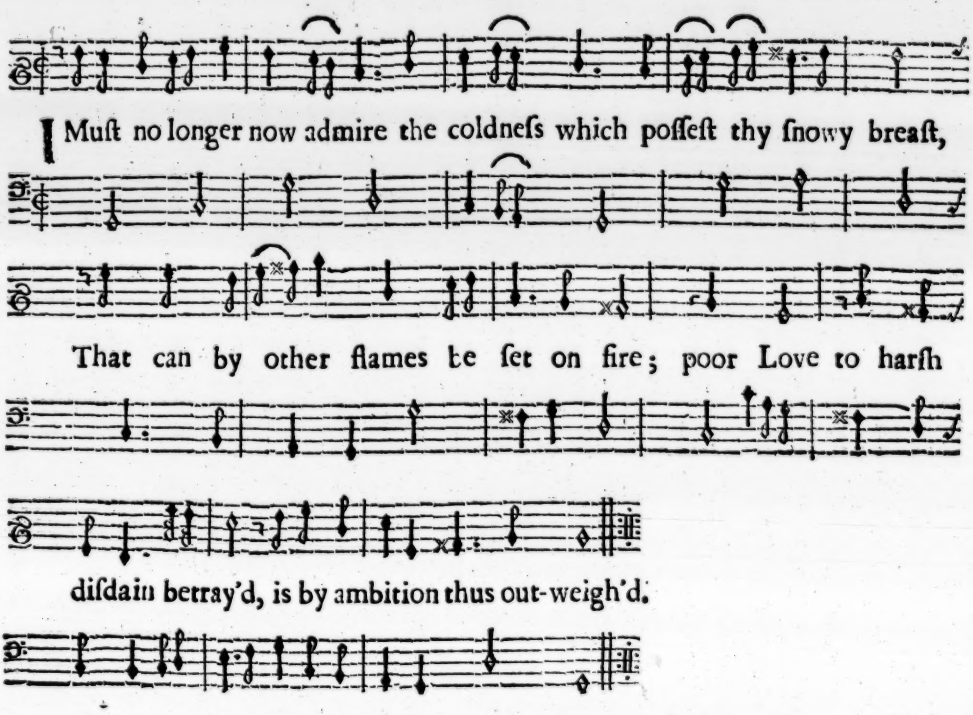
II.

Which if old men freely take,
Their gray heads and heels they ſhake;
And a young man if he find
Some fair Maid to ſleep reſign'd,
In the ſhade, he ſtraight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to wooe her;
Whileſt love ſlily ſtealing in
Tempts her to the pleaſing ſin.

III.

Yet ſhe long reſiſts his offers,
Nor will hear what ere he proffers;
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardleſs air;
Her, who ſeemingly reſtrains,
He by pleaſing force conſtrains:
Wine doth boldneſs thus diſpence,
Teaching young men inſolence.

I.



II.

Hadſt thou but known the vaſt extent
Of Conſtant Faith, how farre
'Bove all that are
Born ſlaves to Wealth, or Honors vain aſſent;
No richer Treaſure couldſt thou find
Then hearts with mutual Chains combin'd.

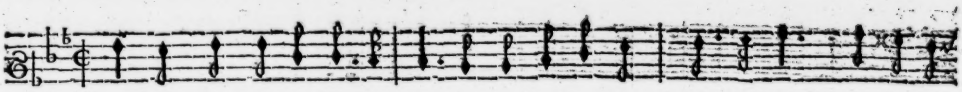
III.

But Love is too deſpis'd a name,
And muſt not hope to riſe
Above theſe ties.
Honour and Wealth out-ſhine his paler Flame;
Theſe unite Souls, whileſt true deſire
Unpitied dies in its own Fire.

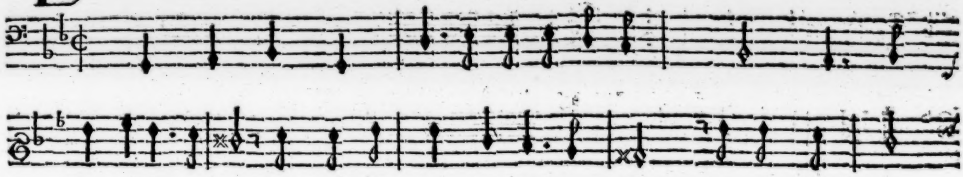
IV.

Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim
With no leſs juſtice too,
Than thoſe that ſue
For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,
But Beauty's only meant for Love.

I.

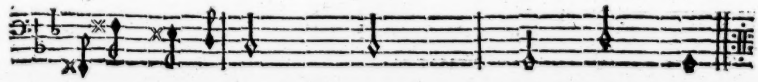


Love the ripe harveſt of my toyls began to cheriſh with his ſmiles, preparing



me to be indu'd with all the Joys I long perſu'd; when my freſh hopes,

fair and full blown, death blaſts ere I could ca l my own.



II.

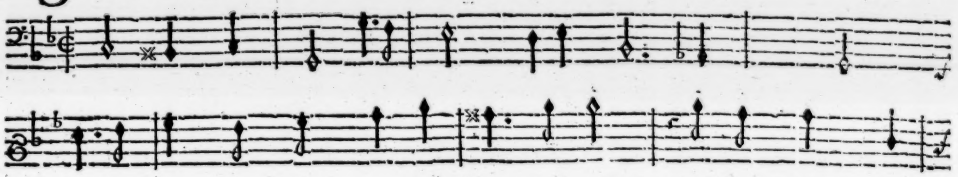
Malicious Death, why with rude force
Doſt thou my Fair from me divorce?
Falſe life why in this loathen chain
Me from my Fair doſt thou detain:
In whom aſſiſtance ſhall I find,
Alike are Life and Death unkind.

III.

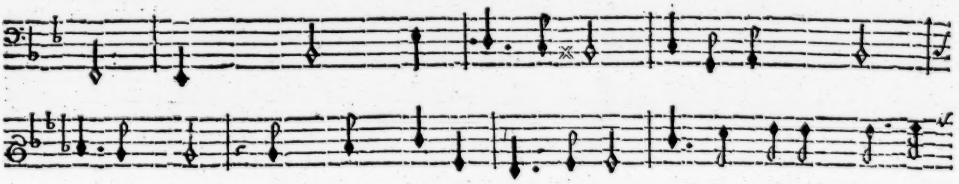
Pardon me Love, thy power outſhines
And laughs at their infirm deſignes;
She is not wedded to atoombe,
Nor I to ſorrow in her Room:
They what thou joynſt' can ne'r divide,
She lives in me, in her I dy'd,

I.

SEe the Spring her ſelf diſcloſes, and the Graces gather roſes: See how the be-



calmed Seas now their ſwelling waves appeaſe; how the Duck ſwims



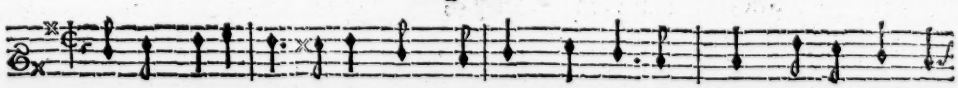
how the Crane come's from's Winter Home aganie ſee how *Titan's* Chearrful

Raye chaſeth the dark Clouds a way,

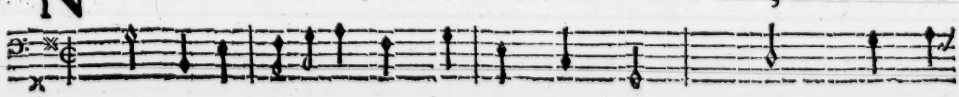
II.

Now in their new robes of green
Are the Plough-mens labours ſeen;
Now the luſty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;
Now the Olive blooms; the Vine
Now doth with plump pendants ſhine,
And with leaves and bloſſoms now
Freſhly bourgeons every bough.

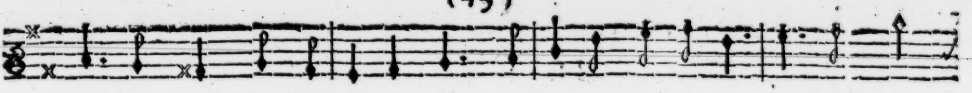
Song 46.



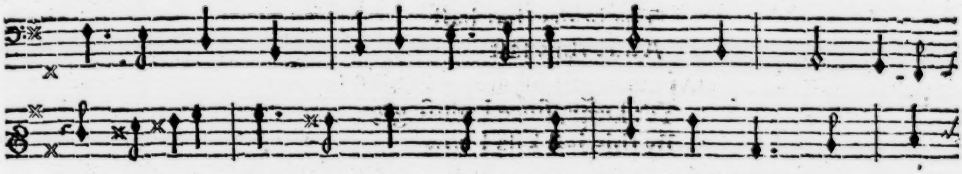
NOw will I a Lover be, Love himſelf commanded me; full at firſt of



ſtubborn

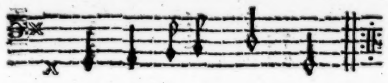


ſtubborn pride, to ſubmit my ſoul deni'd, he his Quiver takes and Bow,



bids defiance, forth we goe; arm'd with ſpear and ſhield we meet,

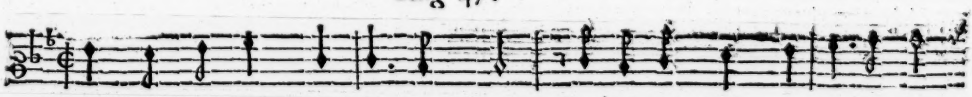
on he charges, I retreat.



II.

Till perceiving in the fight
He had waſted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himſelfe he ſhot,
And my cold heart melts my ſhield
Uſeleſſe, no defence could yeild;
For what boots an outward skreen
When (alas) the fights within?

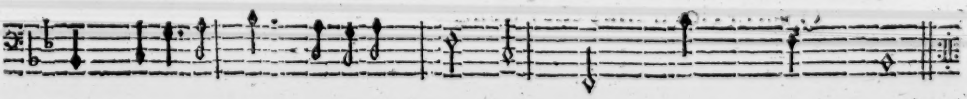
Song 47.



DEar fold me once more in thine Armes; and let me know, before I goe,

there is no bliſſe but in thoſe charmes, by thy faire ſelfe I ſweare, that here

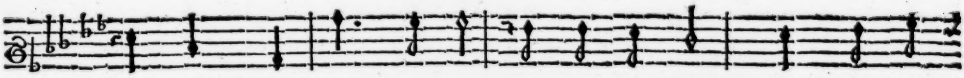
and onely here I would for ever ever ſtay, but cruel Fate calls me away.



II.

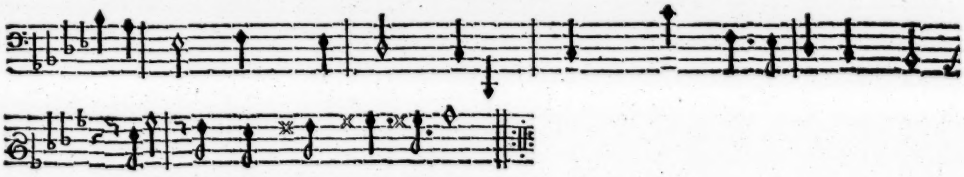
How ſwiftly the light minutes ſlide
The hours that haſt
Away thus faſt
By envyous flight my ſtay do chide:
Yet Dear, ſince I muſt go,
By this laſt kiſs I vow
By all that ſweetneſs which dwels with thee,
Time ſhall move ſlow, till next I ſee thee.

Song 48.

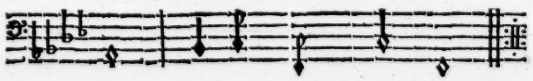


THine Eyes (bright Saint) diſcloſe and thou ſhalt find, Dreams have not

with illuſive ſhowes, deceiv'd thy Mind, what ſleep preſented to thy view,



awake and thou ſhalt find it true

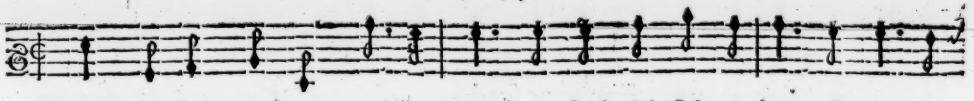


II.

Thoſe mortal Wounds I bear
From thee begin,
Which though they outward not appear;
Yet bleed within,
Loves flame like active lightening flyes,
Wounding the Heart, but not the Eyes.

III.

But now I yeild to die
Thy ſacrifice,
Nor more in vain will hope to flie
From thy bright Eyes;
Their killing Power cannot be ſhunn'd
Open or clos'd alike they wound.



FAith 'tis not worth your pains and care, to ſeek t' inſpire a heart ſo pure as

mine; ſom fools ther be, hate libertie, whom w^h more eaſe thou mayſt confine.

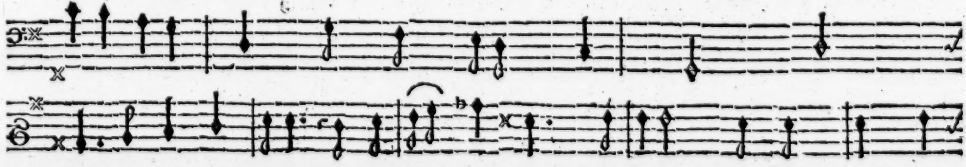
II. Alaſs! when with much charge thou haſt
Brought it at laſt
Beneath thy power to bow,
It will adore
Some twenty more,
And that perhaps you 'ld not allow.

III. No *Cloris*, I no more will prove
The curſe of Love,
And now can boaſt a heart
Hath learn'd of thee
Inconſtancie,
And couzen'd women of their Art.

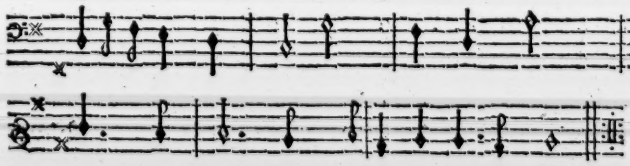
Song 50.

REach me here that full crown'd Cup, and at once I'l drink it up for my

overcharged Breaſt pants for drowth; with care oppreſt; whileſt a



Chaplet of cool Roſes my diſtemper'd Brow incloſes; Love I'l drench in



Wine; for theſe flames alone can his appeaſe.

II.

I am ſprung of humane ſeed,
For a lives ſhort race decree'd;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown;
Buſie thoughts do not diſturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, ſome Wine and Muſick give;
Ere we dye, 'tis fit we live.

Song 51.

OH turn away thoſe cruel Eyes, the ſtars of my undoing. Or death in

ſuch a br ght diſguiſe may tempt a ſecond wooing.

II.

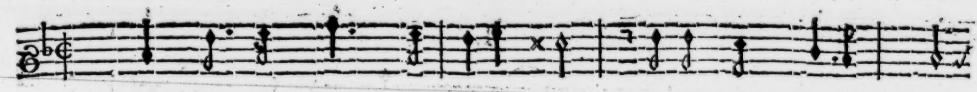
Puniſh their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemne thy glory;
It was my Fall that deifide
Thy name, and ſeal'd thy ſtory.

III.

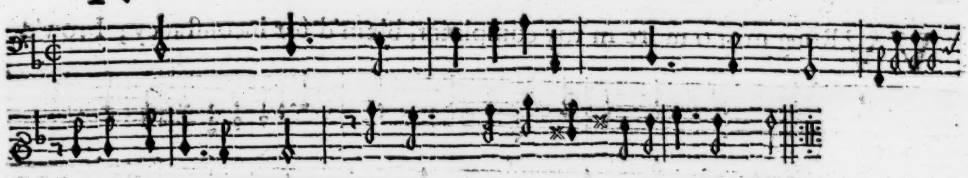
Yet no new ſufferings can prepare
A higher praiſe to crown thee;
Though my firſt death proclaim thee Fair,
My ſecond will unthrone thee.

IV.

Lover will doubt thou canſt intice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one Victime twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.



NOw Love be prais'd! that cruel Fair, who my poor Heart reſtrain

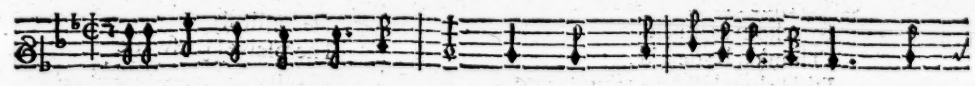


under ſo many chains, hath weav'd a new one for it of her Hair.

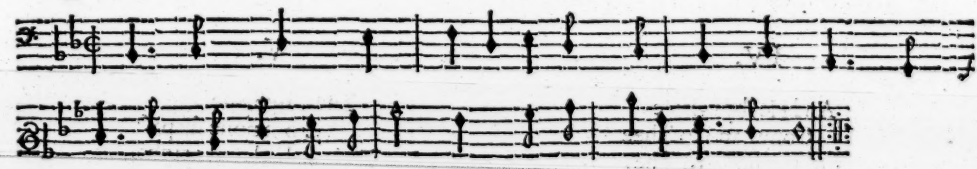
II. Theſe threads of Amber us'd to play
With every Courtly wind,
And never were confin'd,
But in a thouſand Curls aloud to ſtray.

III. Cruel each part of her is grown,
Nor leſs unkind then She
Theſe fetters are to Me,
Which to reſtrain my Freedome, loſe their own.

Song 53.



TO ſet my jealous ſoul at ſtrife all things malicio ſly agree, though

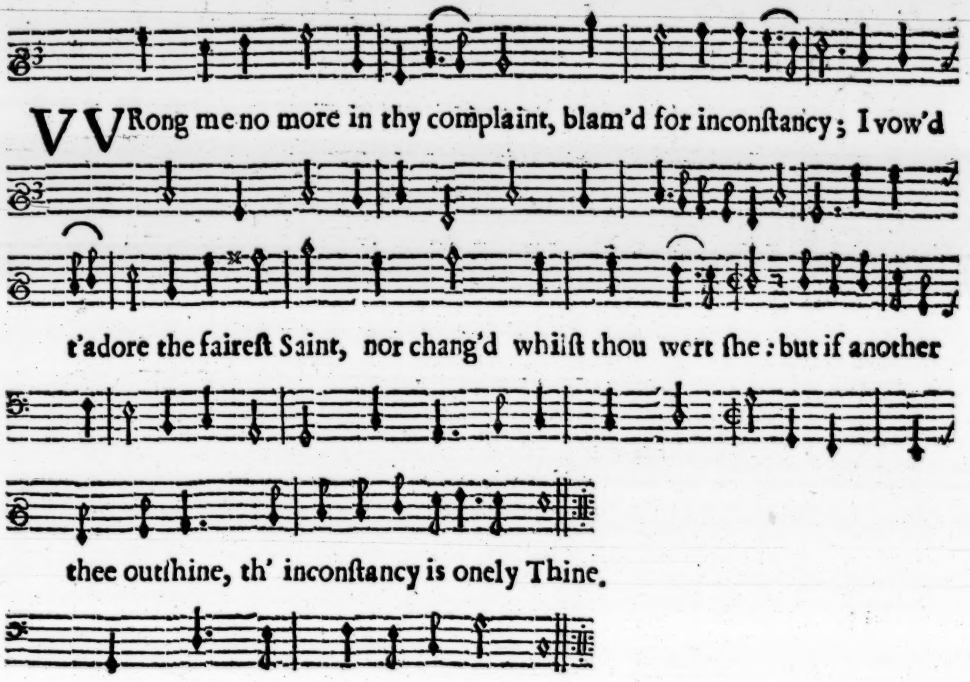


ſleep of death the Image be, dreams are the portraitures of life.

II. I ſaw when laſt I clos'd my eyes,
Celinda ſtoopt t' anothers will,
If ſpecious apprehenſion kill,
What would the truth without diſguiſe?

III. The joys which I could call my owne
Me thought this Rival did poſſeſs,
Like dreams is all my happineſs;
Yet dreams themſelves allow me none.

I.



II.

To be by ſuch
Blind Fools admir'd
Gives thee but ſmall eſteem,
By whom as much
Thou'dſt be deſir'd
Didſt thou leſs beautious ſeem:
Sure why they love they know not wel,
Who why they ſhould not cannot tel.

III.

Women are by
Themſelves betray'd,
And to their ſhort joys cruel,
Who fooliſhly
Themſelves perſwade
Flames can outlaſt their fuel:
None (though Platonick their pretence)
With Reaſon love unleſs by Sence.

IV.

And He, by whoſe
Command to Thee
I did my heart reſigne,
Now bids me chooſe
A Deity
Divinèr far then thine:
No power from Love can Beauty ſever;
I'me ſtill Loves ſubject, thine was never.

V.

The faireſt She
Whom none ſurpaſs
To love hath only right,
And ſuch to me
Thy Beauty was
Till one I found more bright:
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not to have don't before.

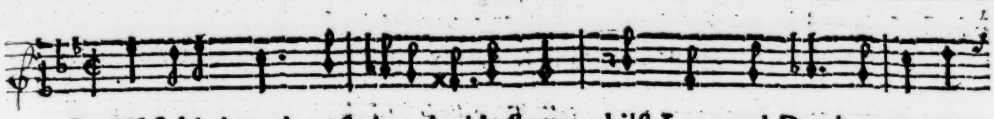
VI.

Nor is it juſt
By rules of Love
Thou ſhould'ſt deny to quit
A heart that muſt
Anothers prove
Ev'n in thy right to it:
Muſt not thy Subjects Captives be
To her who triumphs over Thee?

VII.

Ceaſe then in vain
To blot my name
With forg'd Apoſtaſie,
Thine is that ſtain
Who dar'ſt to claim
What others ask of Thee:
Of Lovers they are onely true
Who pay their hearts where they are due.

I.



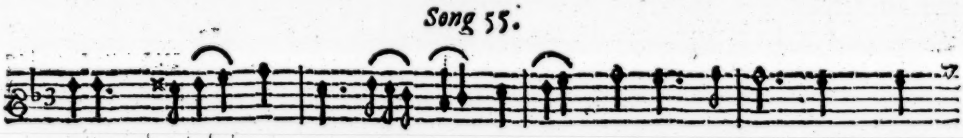
MY ſickly breath waſts in a double flame; whilſt Love and Death to my poor

life lay claime; the feavour in whoſe heat I melt by her that cauſeth it not felt.

II.

Thou who alone
Canſt, yet wilt grant no eaſe;
Why ſlight'ſt thou one
To feed a new diſeaſe?
Unequal Fair, the heart is thine,
Ah! Why then ſhould the pain be mine.

Song 55.



ALaſs! alaſs! thou turn'ſt in vain thy beauteous face away, which (like

young Sorcerers) rais'd a Pain above its power to lay.

II.

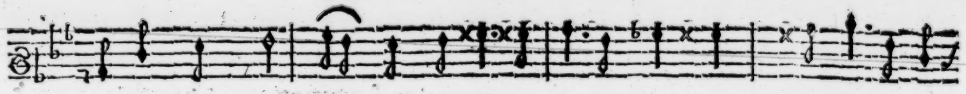
Love moves not as thou turn'ſt thy look,
But here doth firmly reſt;
He long agoe thy Eyes forſook
To revel in my Breſt.

III.

Thy Power on him why hop'ſt thou more
Then his on me ſhould be,
The Claim thou lay'ſt to him is poor
To that he owns from Me.

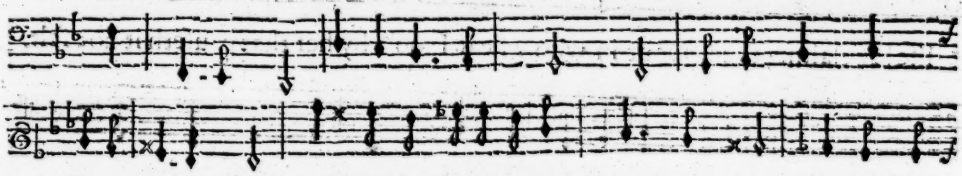
IV.

His ſubſtance in my Heart excels,
His ſhadow in thy Sight;
Fire where it burns more truly dwels,
Then where it ſcatters light.

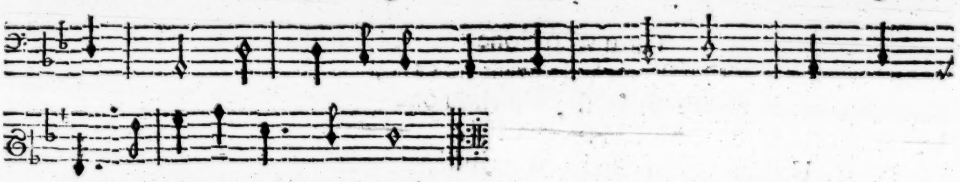


AS when ſome brook flies from it ſelf away, the murmuring Chriſtal looſly

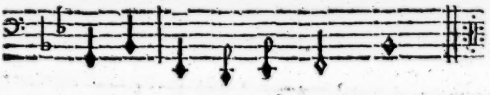
runs aſtray. And as about the verdant plane it windes, the meadows with a



ſilver ribbon bindes, printing a kiſs on every Flower ſhe meets, looſing her



ſelfe, to fit them with new ſweets.

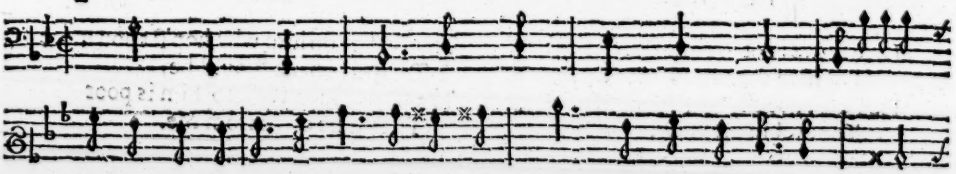


II.

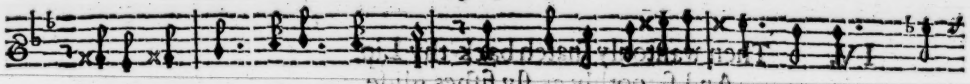
To ſcatter froſt upon the Lillies Head,
And Scarlet on the Gilloflower to ſpread;
So melting ſorrow, in the fair diſguiſe
Of humid Stars, flow'd from bright *Claris* Eyes;
Which watring every Flower her Cheek diſcloſes,
Melt into Ieſmines here there into Roſes.

Song 51.

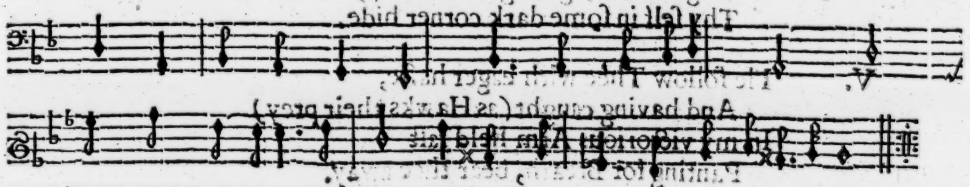
I Languiſh in a ſilent flame; for ſhe to whom my vowes encline doth



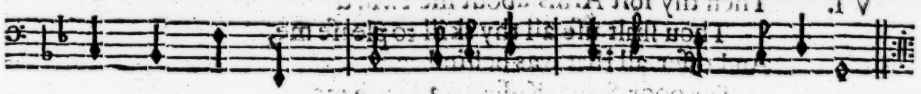
own perfections ſo divine, That but to ſpeak where to diſcloſe her Name.



if I ſhould ſay that ſhe the ſtore of Natures graces doth comprize, the



Love and wonder of all Eyes, who will not gueſs the Beauty I adore?



II.

Or though I warily conceal
The Charms her looks and Soul poſſeſs;
Should her cruelty expreſs,
And ſay ſhe ſmiles at all the Pains we feel,
Among ſuch ſuppliants as implore
Pity, diſtributing her Hate
Inexorable ar their Fate:
Who will not gueſs the Beauty I adore?

Song 59.

NOt always give a melting Kiſs, and Smiles with pleaſing Whiſpers joyn'd;

nor alwayes extaſi'd with bliſs, about my Neck thy fair Arms wind.

II.

The wary Lover learns by meaſure
To circumſcribe his greateſt joy;
Leſt, what well husbanded yeilds pleaſure,
Might by the Repetition cloy.

III.

When thrice three Kiſſes I require,
Give me but two, withhold the other;
Such as cold Virgins to their Sire,
Or chaſte *Diana* gives her Brother.

IV. Then wantonly ſnatch back thy Lip,
And ſmoothly as ſly fiſhes glide
Through water, giving me the ſlip,
Thy ſelf in ſome dark corner hide.

V. I'le follow Thee with eager haſte,
And having caught (as Hawks their prey)
In my victorious Arm held faſt
Panting for Breath, bear thee away.

VI. Then thy ſoft Arms about me twin'd
Thou ſhalt uſe all thy skill to pleaſe me,
And offer all that was behind
The poor Seven Kiſſes to appeaſe me.

VII. How much miſtaken wilt thou be!
For ſeven times ſeven ſhalt thou pay,
Whileſt in my Arms I fetter Thee,
Leſt thou once more ſhouldſt get away.

VIII. 'Til I at laſt have made thee ſwear
By all thy Beauty and my Love,
That thou again the ſame ſevere
Revenge for the ſame Crime wouldſt prove.

Song 60.

WHilſt our joys in wine we raiſe, youthful *Bacchus* we will praiſe: *Bacchus*

dancing did invent; *Bacchus* is on ſongs intent; *Bacchus* teacheth

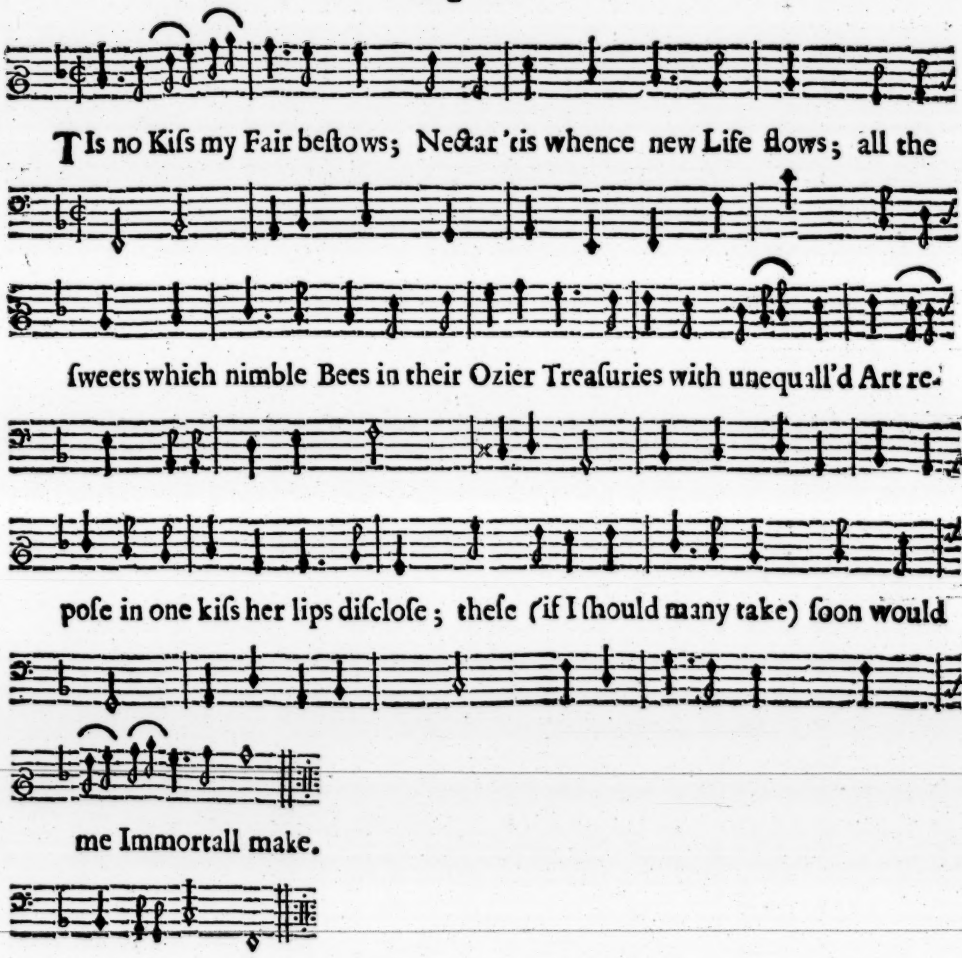
Love to court, and his Mother how to ſport; gracefull confidence He

lends, he oppreſſive trouble ends.

II.

To the Bowle when we repair
Grief doth vaniſh into air;
Drink we then, and drown all ſorrow;
All our care not knows the morrow;
Life is dark, let's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raiſe,
Youthfull *Bacchus* we will praiſe.

Song 61.

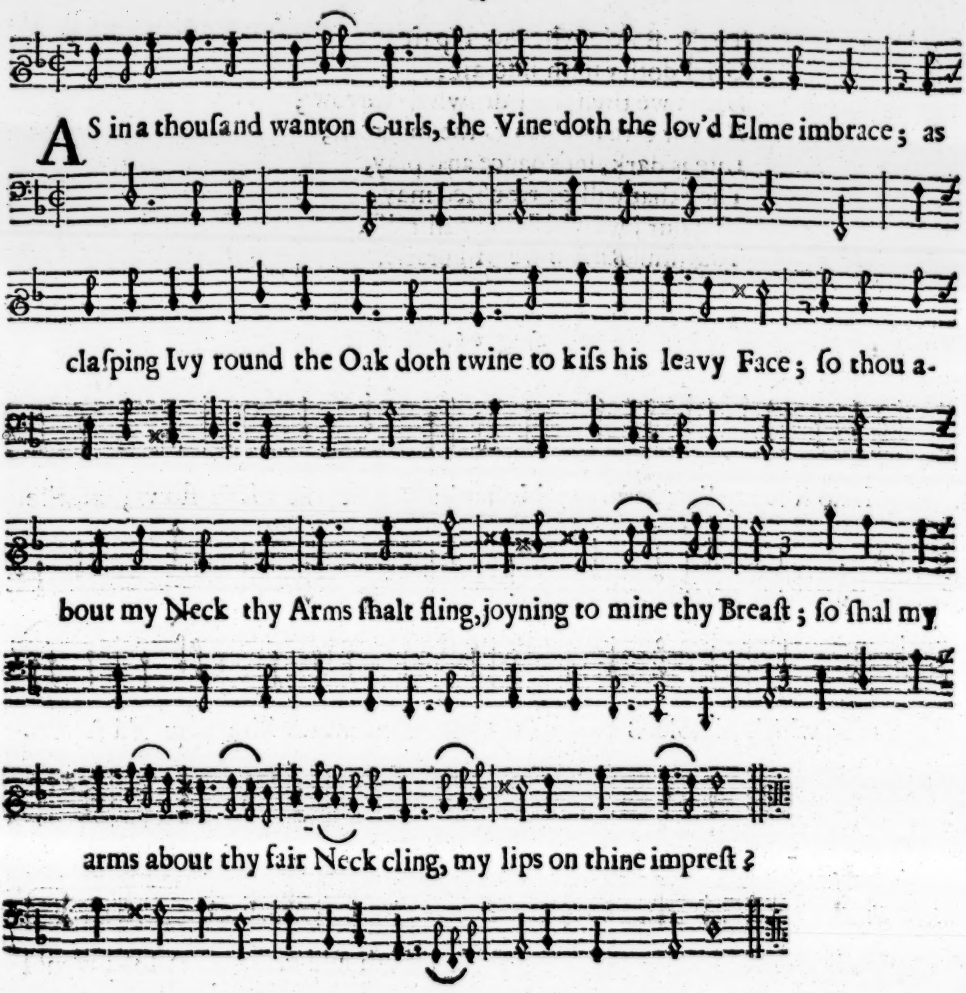


II.

Rais'd to the divine Abodes,
And the Banquets of the gods.
Be not then too laviſh, Fair!
But this heavenly Treaſure ſpare,
'Leſs thou'lt too Immortal be:
For without thy Companie,
What to me were the Abodes,
Or the Banquets of the gods.

As

I.



II.

Ceres nor *Bacchus*, Care of Life nor Sleep
Shall force me to retire;
But we at once will on each others Lip
Our mutual Souls expire.
Then hand in hand down to th' *Elizian* Plains
(Croſſing the *Stygian* Lake)
Wee'l through thoſe Fields where Spring eternal reigns
Our pleaſing journey take.

IV.

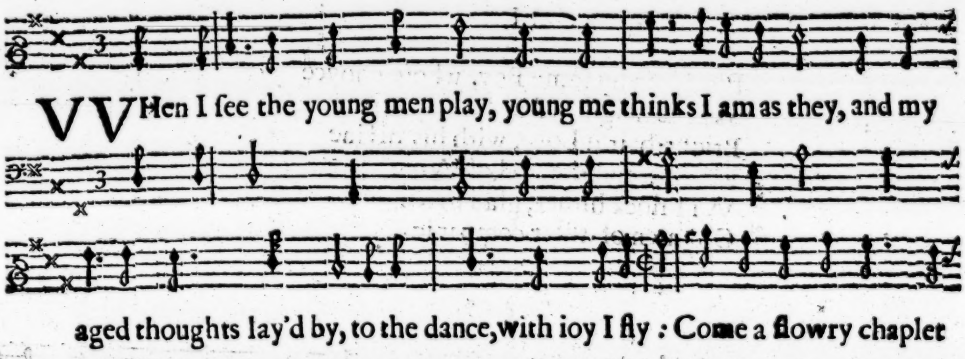
There their fair Miſtreſſes the *Heroes* lead,
And their old Loves repeat,
Singing or dancing in a flowry Mead
With Mirtles round beſet.
Roſes and Violets ſmile beneath a Skreen
Of ever verdant Bayes;
And gentle *Zephyr* amorouſly between
Their leaves untroubled playes.

There

IV.

There constantly the pregnant Earth unplow'd
Her fruitful store supplies:
When We come thither, all the happy Crowd
From their green Thrones will rise.
There thou in place above *Iove*'s numerous Train
Of Mistresses shalt sit;
Hers *Hellen*, *Homer* will not his disdain
For Thee, and Me to quit.

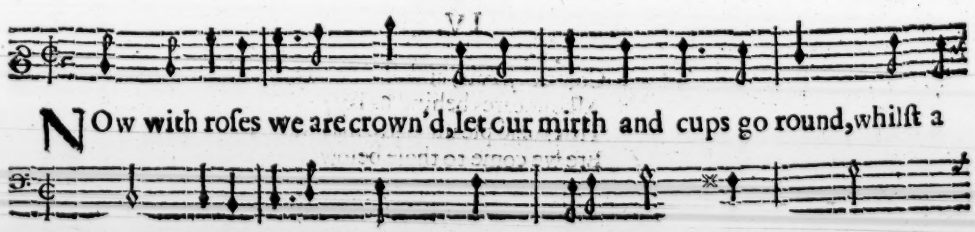
Song 63.

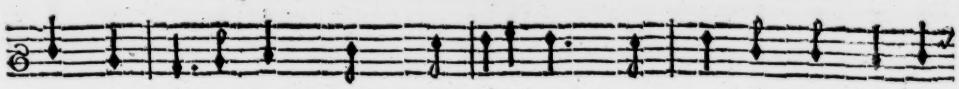


II.

Age begon, we'l dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some Wine Boy, fill about;
You shal see the old Man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

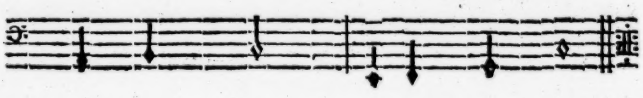
Song 64.





Laſs, whoſe hand a ſpear, branchd with Ivy twines doth bear, with her white feet

beats the ground to the Lutes harmonious ſound,



II.

Play'd on by ſome Boy, whoſe choyce
Skill is heightned by his voyce:
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the god of Wine
Will flock hither, glad to ſee
Old men of their companie.

Song 65.

ON this verdant *Lotus* laid, underneath the Myrtles ſhade, let us drink our

ſorrows dead, whilſt love plaies the Ganimed.

II.

Life like a wheel runs round,
And ere long we underground
(Ta'n by death aſunder) muſt
Molder in forgotten duſt.

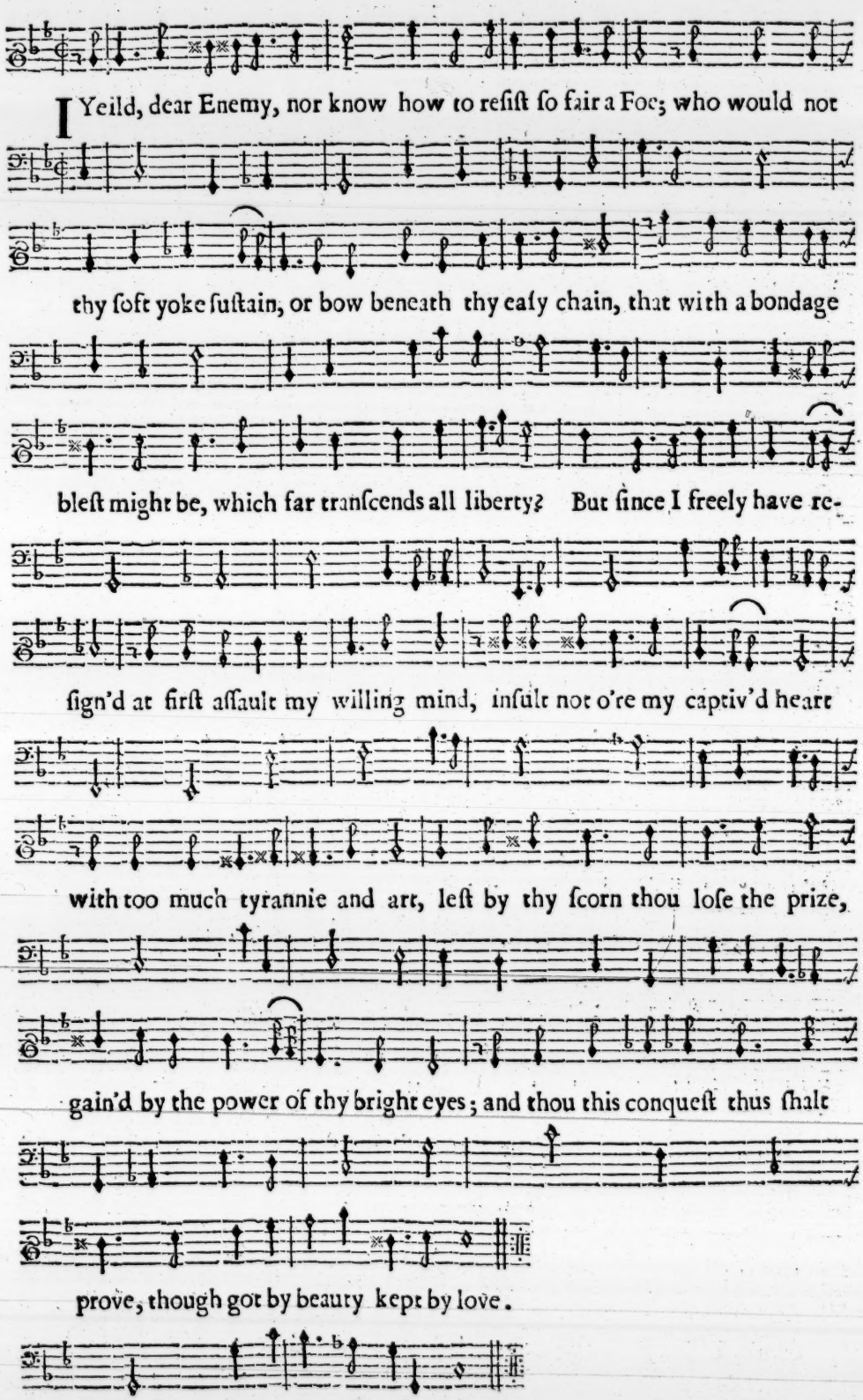
III.

Why then graves ſhould we bedew,
Why the ground with odours ſtrew?
Better whileſt alive prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair.

IV.

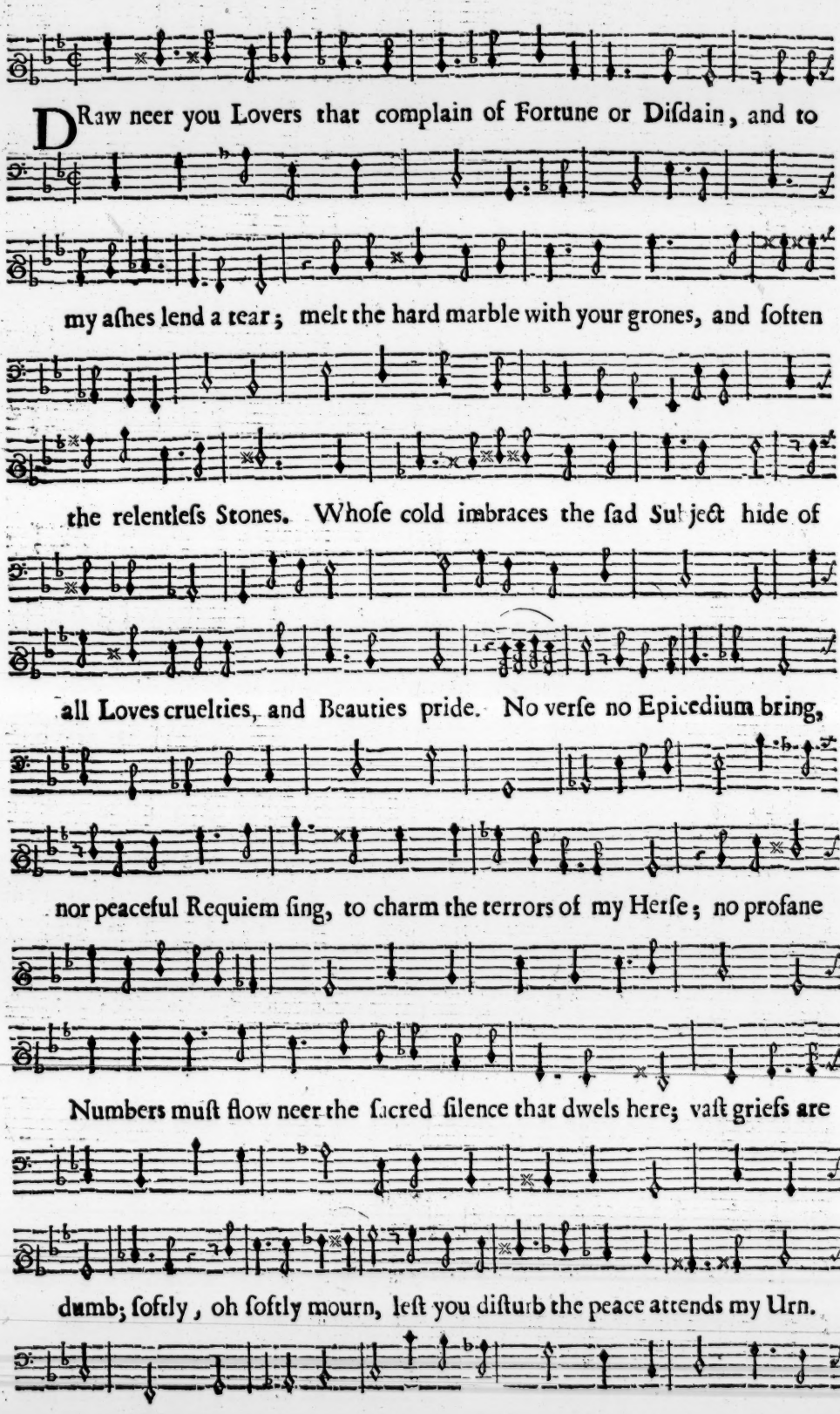
Come my Fair, and come away,
All our cares behind us lay;
That theſe pleaſures we may know.
Ere we come to thoſe below.

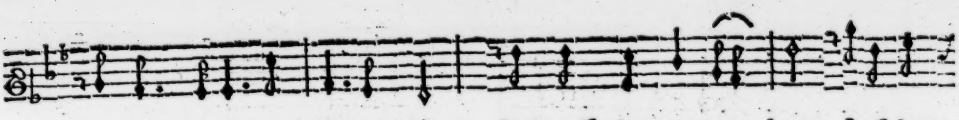
I.


I Yeild, dear Enemy, nor know how to reſiſt ſo fair a Foe; who would not
thy ſoft yoke ſuſtain, or bow beneath thy eaſy chain, that with a bondage
bleſt might be, which far tranſcends all liberty? But ſince I freely have re-
ſign'd at firſt aſſault my willing mind, inſult not o're my captiv'd heart
with too much tyrannie and art, leſt by thy ſcorn thou loſe the prize,
gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes; and thou this conqueſt thus ſhalt
prove, though got by beauty kept by love.

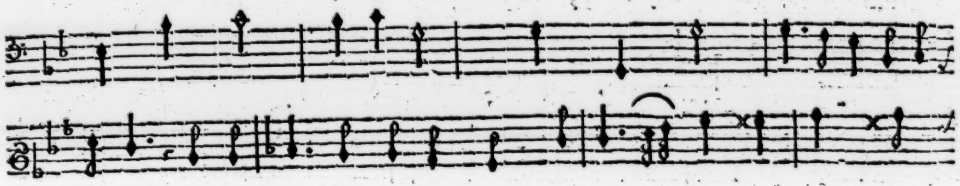
Draw

I.


DRaw neer you Lovers that complain of Fortune or Diſdain, and to
my aſhes lend a tear; melt the hard marble with your grones, and ſoften
the relentleſs Stones. Whoſe cold imbraces the ſad Subject hide of
all Loves cruelties, and Beauties pride. No verſe no Epicedium bring,
nor peaceful Requiem ſing, to charm the terrors of my Herſe; no profane
Numbers muſt flow neer the ſacred ſilence that dwels here; vaſt griefs are
dumb; ſoftly, oh ſoftly mourn, leſt you diſturb the peace attends my Urn.

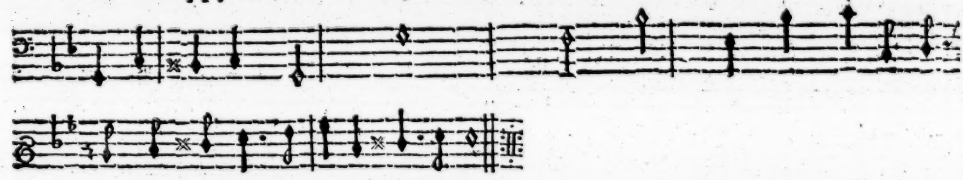


Yet ſtrew upon my diſmal Grave, ſuch offerings as you have, forſaken

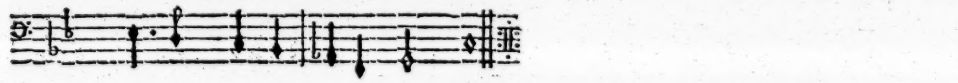


Cypreſs and ſad Ewe; for kinder flowers can take no Birth or growth from

ſuch unhappy Earth. Weep onely o're my Duſt, and ſay, Here lies



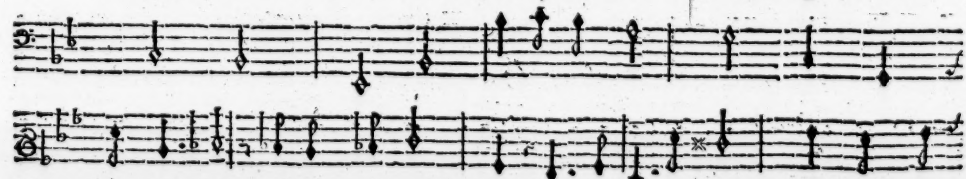
to Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice.



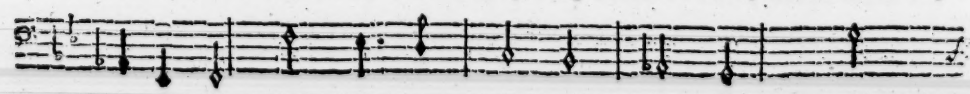
Song 63.

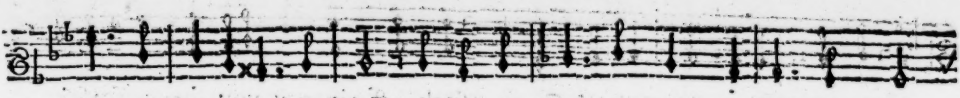
I Go Dear Saint away, ſnatcht from thy Arms, by far leſs pleaſing charms,

Then thoſe I did obey: but if hereafter thou ſhalt know, that greife hath

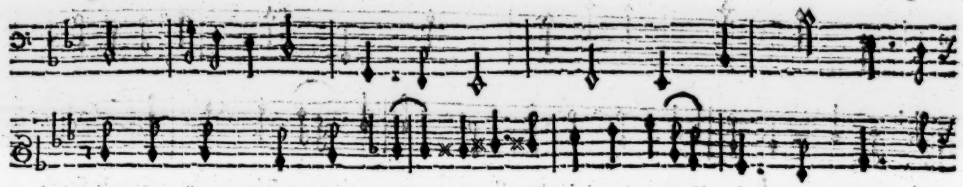


kill'd me, come, and on my toomb, drop drop a tear or two; break with thy

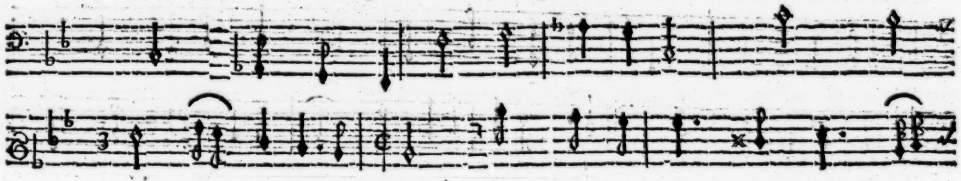




ſighs the ſilence of my ſleep, and I ſhall ſmile in death to ſee thee weep;



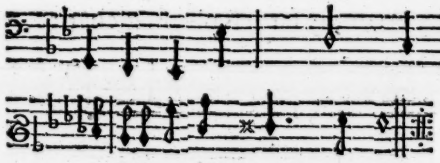
thy tears may have the power to reinſpire my aſhes with new fire, or



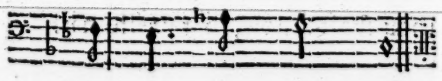
change Thee to ſome flower, which planted 'twixt thy breaſts ſhall

grow; vail'd in this ſhape I will, dwell with Thee ſtill, court, kiſs,

injoy thee too; ſecurely wee'l contain all envyous force, and thus

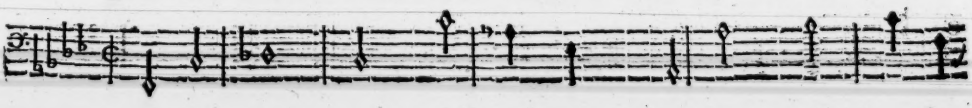


united be by Deaths divorce.

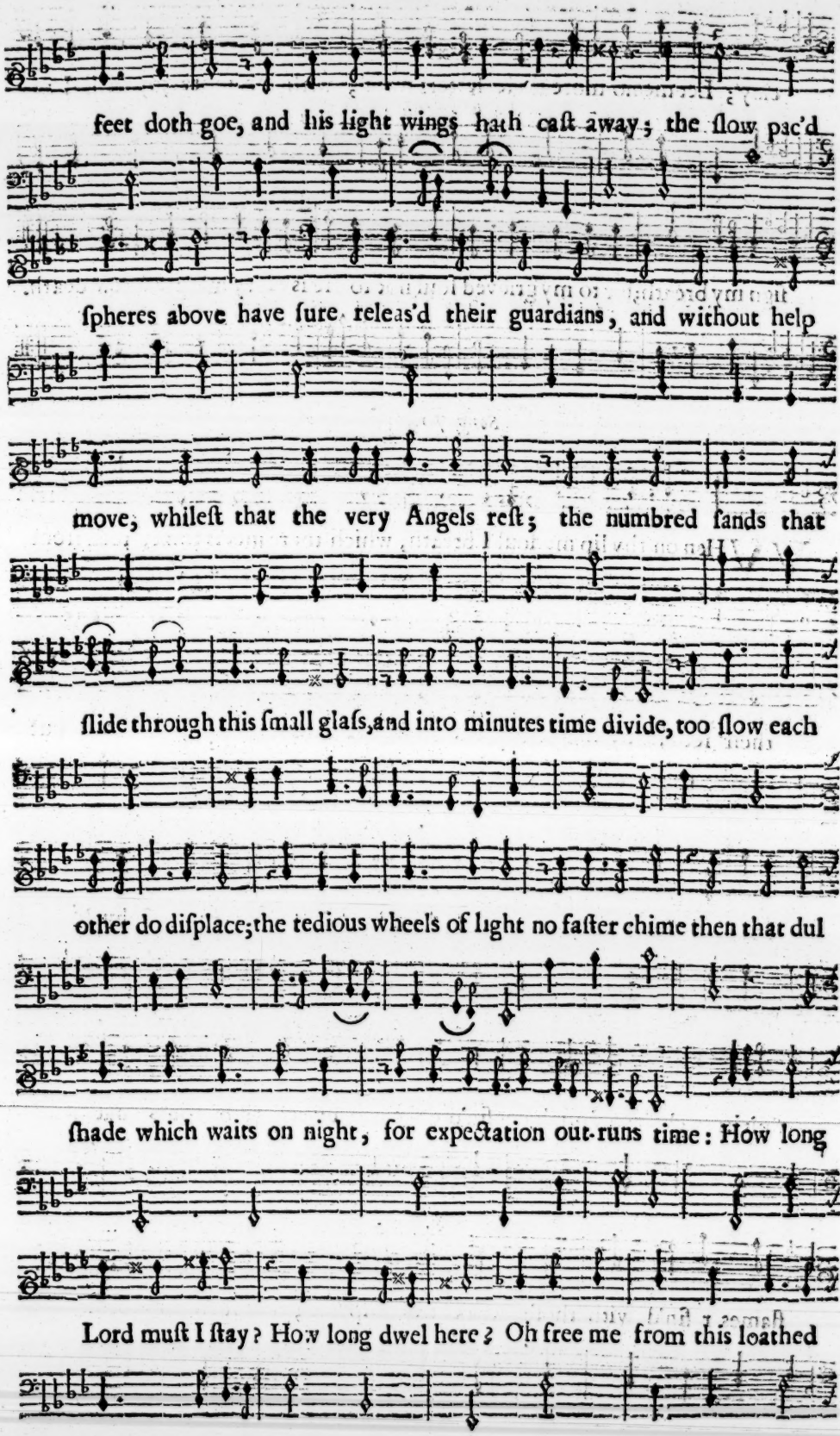


Song 69.

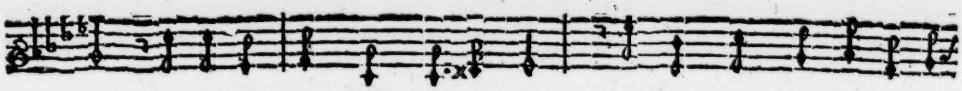
THe lazy hours move ſlow, the minutes ſtay; old time with leaden



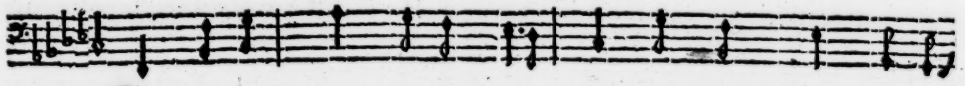
feet



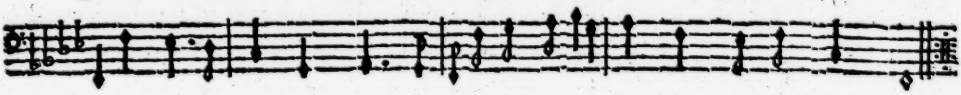
feet doth goe, and his light wings hath caſt away; the ſlow pac'd
ſpheres above have ſure releas'd their guardians, and without help
move, whileſt that the very Angels reſt; the numbred ſands that
ſlide through this ſmall glaſs, and into minutes time divide, too ſlow each
other do diſplace; the tedious wheels of light no faſter chime then that dul
ſhade which waits on night, for expectation out-runs time: How long
Lord muſt I ſtay? How long dwel here? Oh free me from this loathed



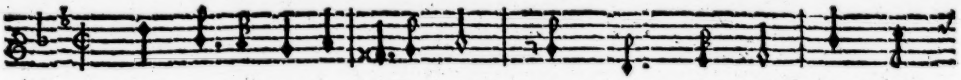
clay; Let me no more theſe fetters ware; with far more joy ſhall I re-



ſign my breath; for to my grieved ſoul not to die is every minute a new death.



Song 70.



WHen on thy lip my ſoul I breath, which there meets thine, freed from

their fetters by this death our ſubtile Forms combine; thus without

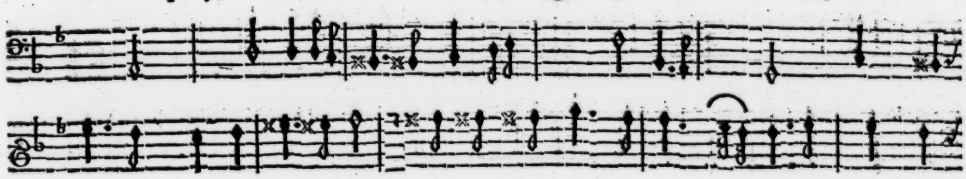
bonds of ſenſe they move, and like two Cherubins converſe by love.

Spirits to chains of earth confin'd diſcourſe by ſenſe; but ours that are by

flames refin'd with thoſe weak ties diſpenſe; let ſuch in words their

minds

minds diſplay, we in a kiſs our mutual thoughts convey; but ſince my ſoul from



me doth fly, to thee retir'd, thou canſt not both retain; for I muſt be with

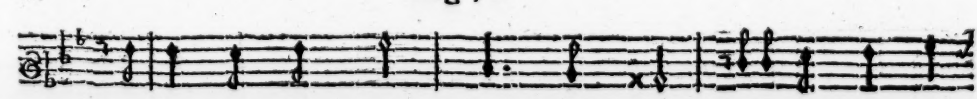
one inſpir'd; then, Deareſt, either juſtly mine reſtore, or in exchange let

me have thine. Yet if thou doſt return mine own, Oh tak't again!

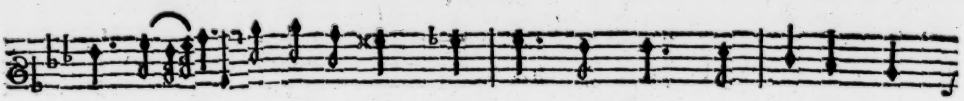
For 'tis this pleaſing death alone gives eaſe unto my pain: Kill me once more

or I ſhall find thy pity then thy cruelty, leſs kind.

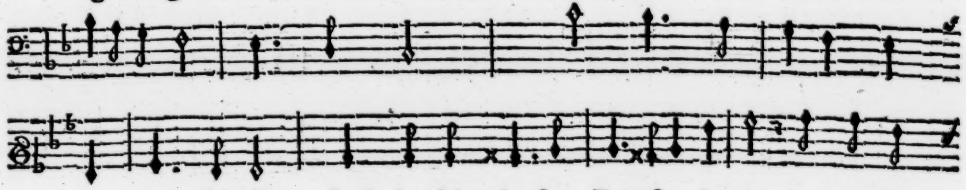
Song 71.



THe air which thy ſmooth voyce doth break, into my ſoul like



lightning flies, my life retires whileſt thou doſt ſpeak; and thy ſoft breath



its room ſupplies. Loſt in this pleaſing Extaſie, I joyn my trembling

lips to thine, & back receive that life from thee, which I ſo gladly did reſign.

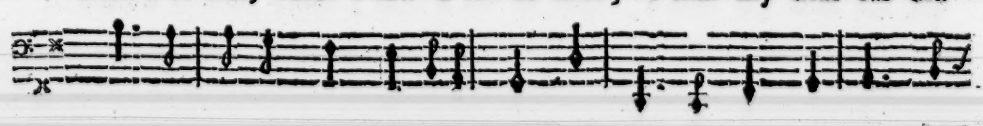
Forbear, Platonick fools, t' enquire, what numbers do the ſoul compoſe;

no harmony can life inſpire, but that which from theſe accents flows.

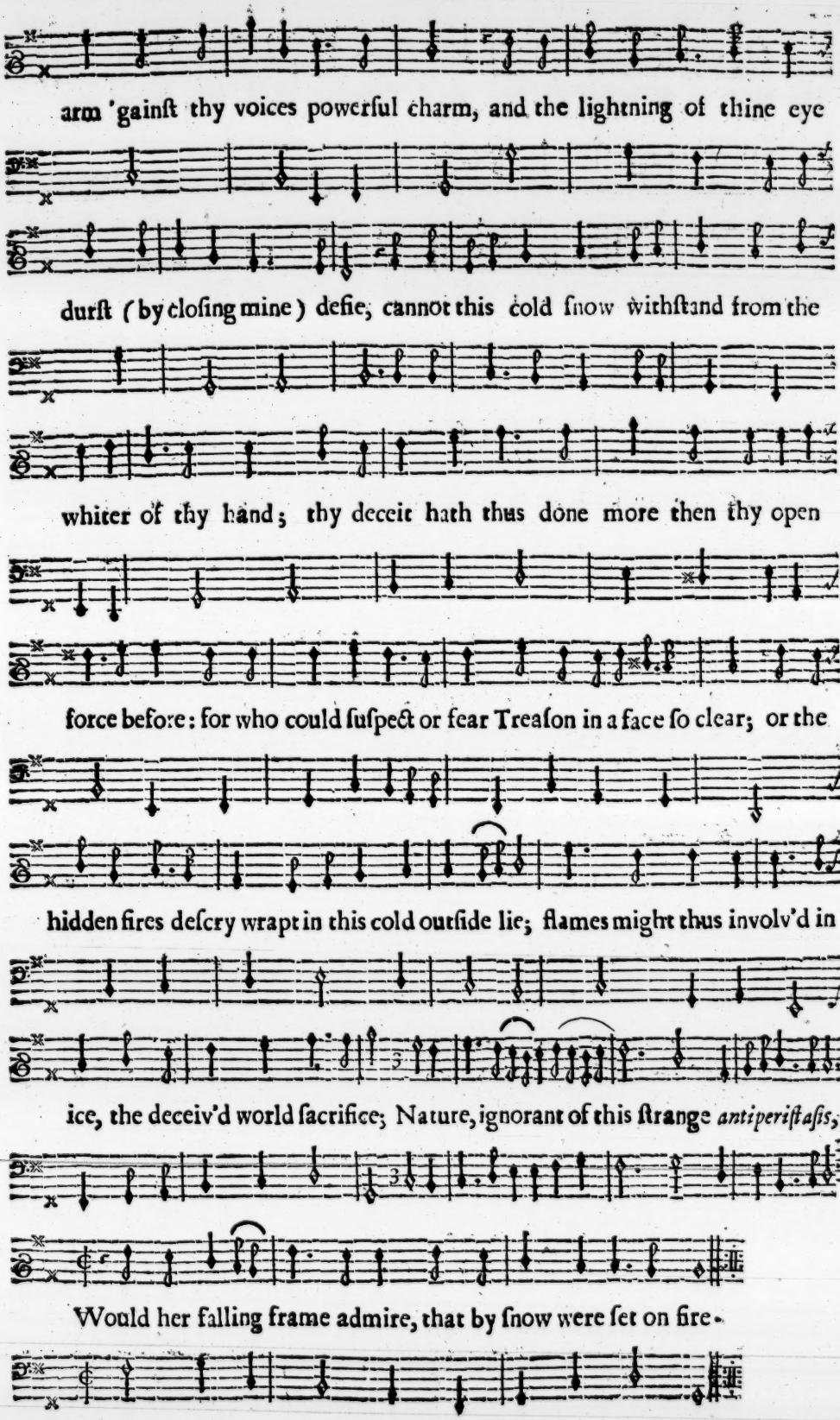
Song 72.

D*oris*, I that could repel all thoſe darts about thee dwell, and had wiſely

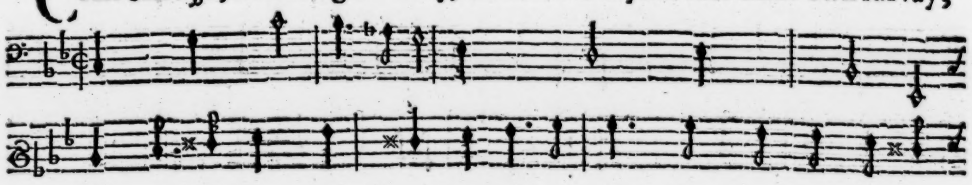
learn'd to fear, 'cauſe I ſaw a foe ſo near; I that my deaf ear did



arm

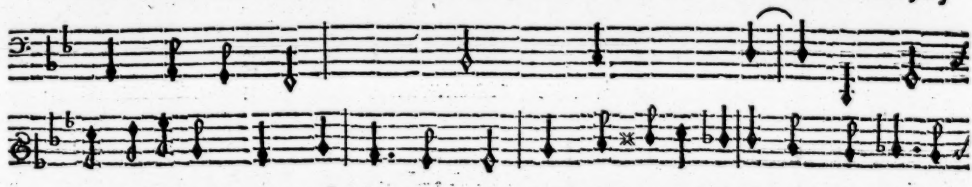

arm 'gainſt thy voices powerful charm, and the lightning of thine eye
durſt (by cloſing mine) defie, cannot this cold ſnow withſtand from the
whiter of thy hand; thy deceit hath thus done more then thy open
force before: for who could ſuſpect or fear Treaſon in a face ſo clear; or the
hidden fires deſcry wrapt in this cold outſide lie; flames might thus involv'd in
ice, the deceiv'd world ſacrifice; Nature, ignorant of this ſtrange *antiperiſtaſis*,
Would her falling frame admire, that by ſnow were ſet on fire.

CAſt *Charieſſa*, caſt that glaſs away, nor in its Chryſtal face thine own ſurvay;



what can be free from Loves imperious laws, when painted ſhadows

real flames can cauſe? The fires may burn thee, from this mirror riſe, by

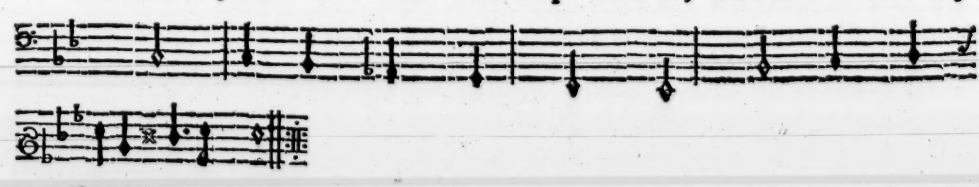


the reflected beams of thine own eyes; and thus at laſt faln with thy ſelf in

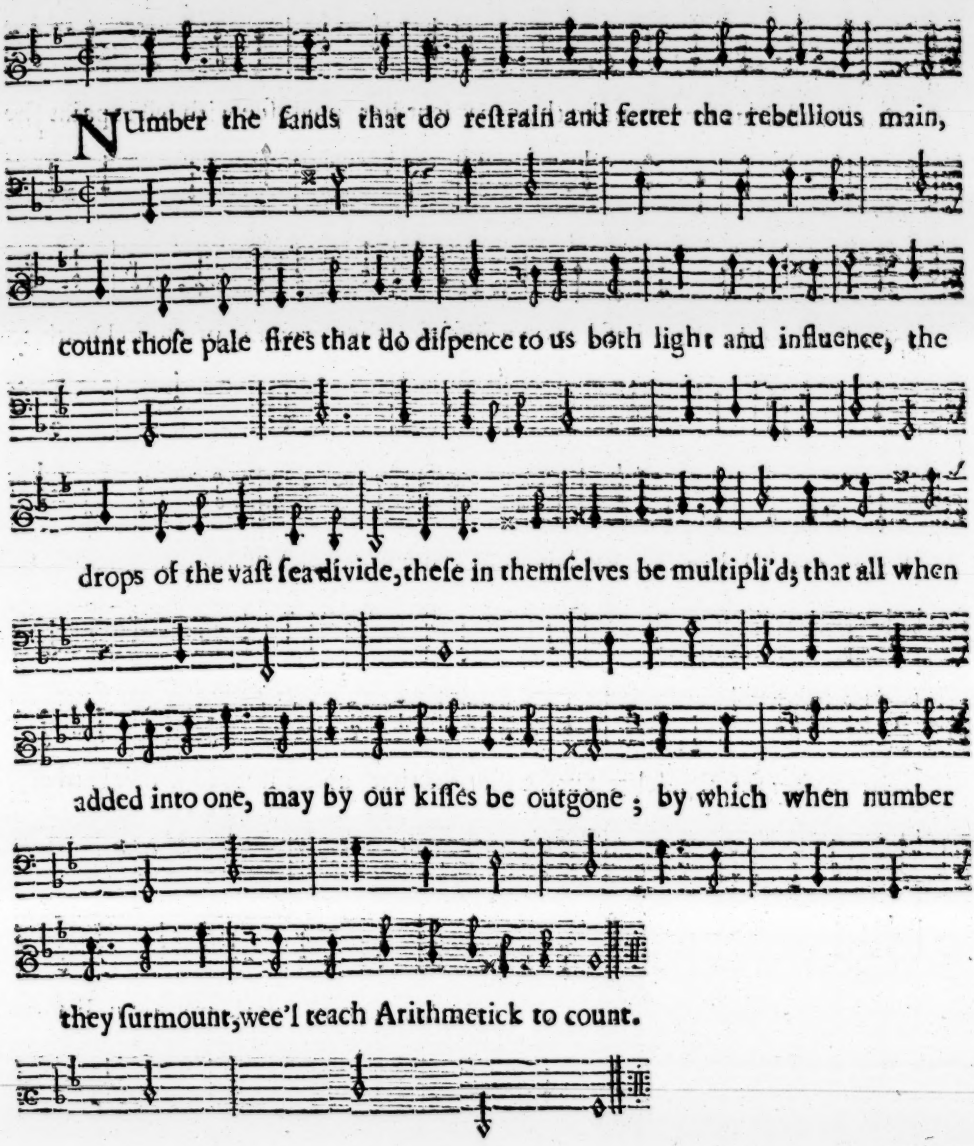
Love, thou wilt, My Rivall, thine one martyr prove; but if thou doſt de-

ſire thy forme to view, look in my heart, where love thy picture drew,

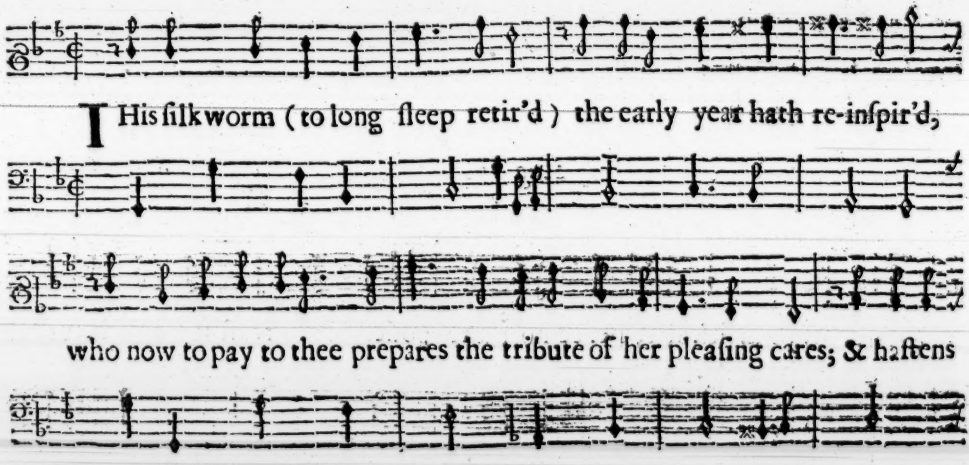
and then if pleas'd with thine own ſhape thou be, learn how to love thy



ſelf by loving me.


NUmber the ſands that do reſtrain and fetter the rebellious main,
count thoſe pale fires that do diſpence to us both light and influence, the
drops of the vaſt ſea divide, theſe in themſelves be multipli'd; that all when
added into one, may by our kiſſes be outgone; by which when number
they ſurmount, wee'l teach Arithmetick to count.

Song 75.


THis ſilkworm (to long ſleep retir'd) the early year hath re-inſpir'd,
who now to pay to thee prepares the tribute of her pleaſing cares; & haſtens

with induſtrious toyl to make thy ornament her ſpoyl; ſee with what pains ſhe

ſpins for thee the thread of her own deſtinie; then growing proud in Death, to

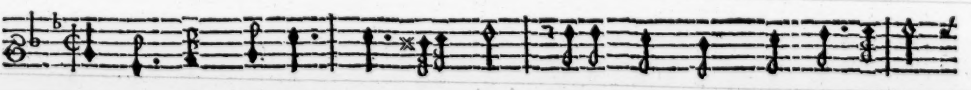
know that all her curious labours thou wilt, as in Triumph, deign to wear,

retires to her ſoft ſepulchre. Such deareſt, is that hapleſs ſtate to which I am de-

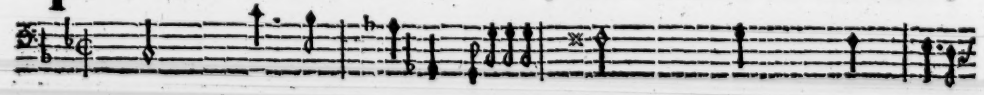
ſign'd by Fate, who by thee (willingly) or'ecome, work my own Fetters

and my Tombe.

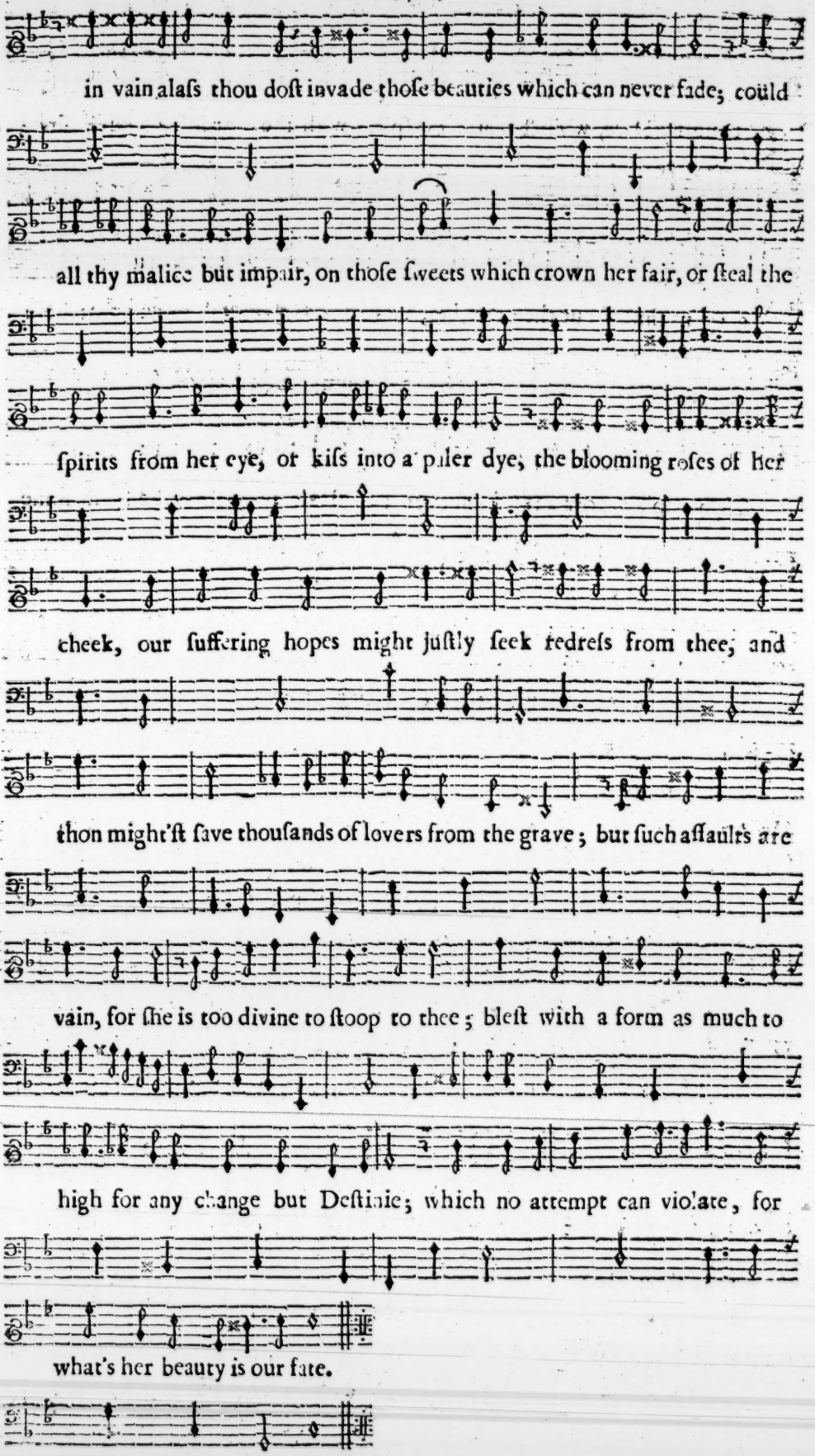
Song 76.



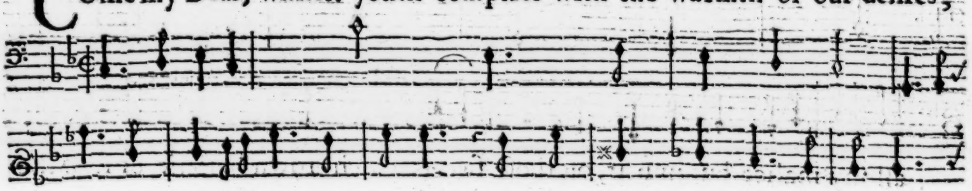
PAle envyous ſickneſs, hence no more poſſeſs our breaſt too cold before;



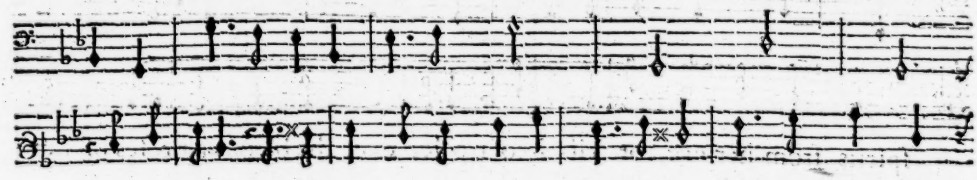
in


in vain alaſs thou doſt invade thoſe beauties which can never fade; could
all thy malice but impair, on thoſe ſweets which crown her fair, or ſteal the
ſpirits from her eye, or kiſs into a paler dye, the blooming roſes of her
cheek, our ſuffering hopes might juſtly ſeek redreſs from thee; and
thon might'ſt ſave thouſands of lovers from the grave; but ſuch aſſaults are
vain, for ſhe is too divine to ſtoop to thee; bleſt with a form as much to
high for any change but Deſtinie; which no attempt can violate, for
what's her beauty is our fate.

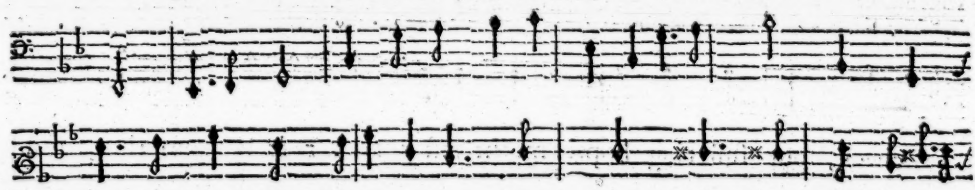
COme my Dear, whileſt youth conſpires with the warmth of our deſires;



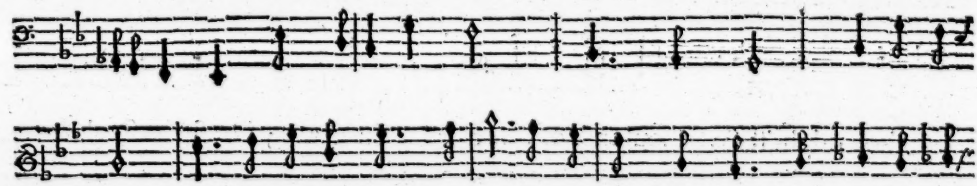
envyous time about thee watches, and ſome Grace each minute ſnatches:



Now a ſpirit, now a ray from thy eye he ſteals away; now he blaſts ſome



blooming roſe which upon thy freſh cheek grows; Gold now plunders in a



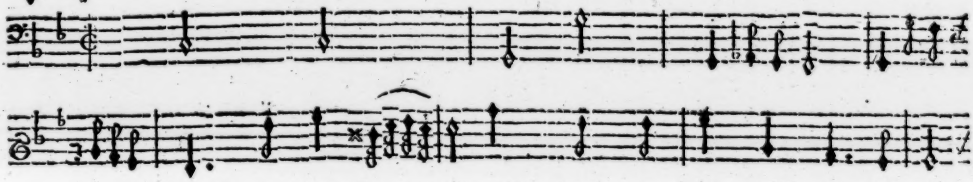
Hair; now the Rubies doth impair of thy lips; and with ſure haſt all thy

wealth will take at laſt; onely that of which thou mak'ſt uſe in time, from

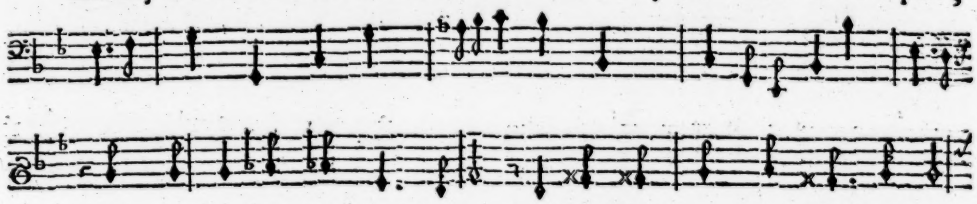
time thou tak'ſt.

When

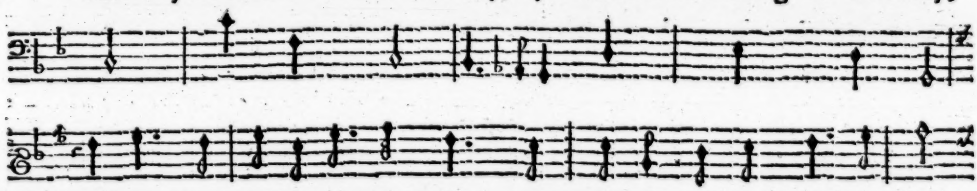
VVHen thou thy plyant arms doſt wreath about my neck, and gently breath



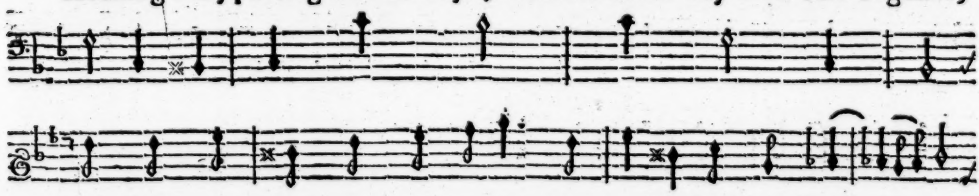
into my Breaſt that ſoft ſweet air with which thy ſoul doth mine repair;



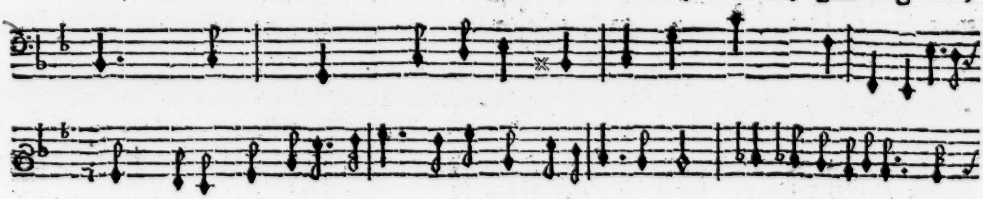
when my faint life thou draw'ſt away, my life which ſcorching flames decay,



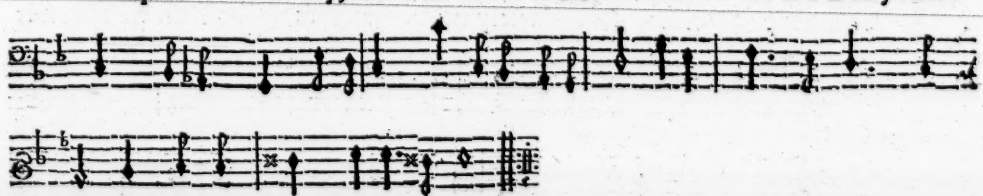
orecharg'd my panting boſome boyls, whoſe Feavour thy kind Art beguiles,



and with the Breath that did inſpire doth mildly fan my glowing fire,

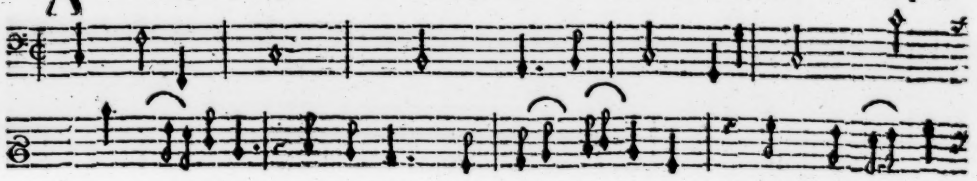


Tranſported then I cry, above all other Deities is Love! Or if a Deity there

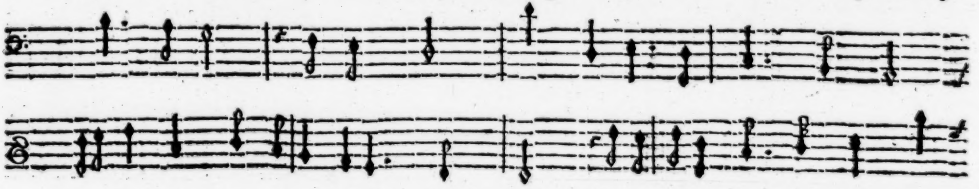


be greater then Love, 'tis only thee.

AS on Purple Carpets I charm'd by wine in ſlumber lie, with a troop of

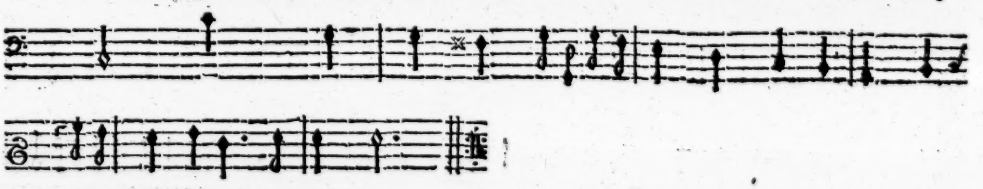


Maids (reſorted there to play) me thought I ſported: whoſe companions,



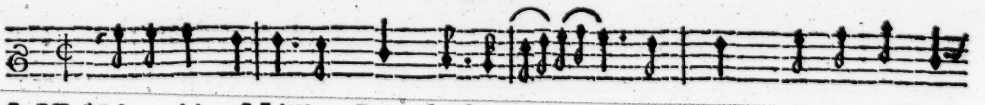
lovely boyes, interrupt with rude noyſe: Yet I offer made to kiſs them,

but o'th' ſudden wake and miſs them: Vext to ſee them thus forſake me,

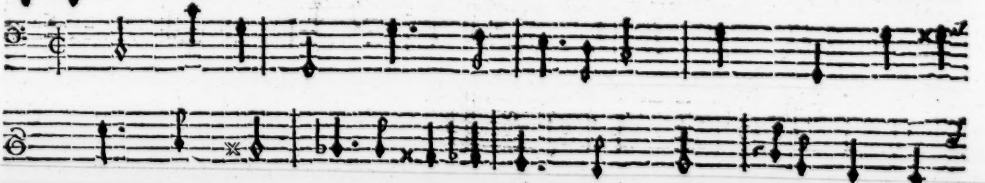


I to ſleep again betake me.

Song 78.

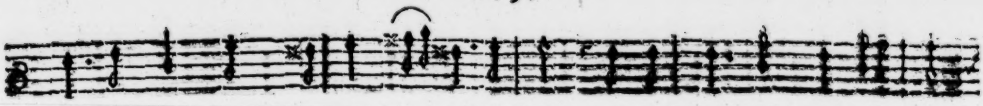


WIth a whip of Lillies, Love ſwiftly me before him drove: on we courſt it

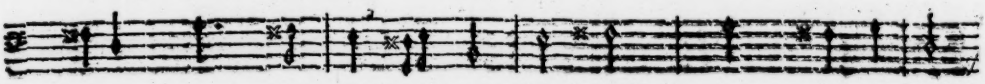


through deep floods, hollow valleys, and rough woods, till a Snake that

lurking



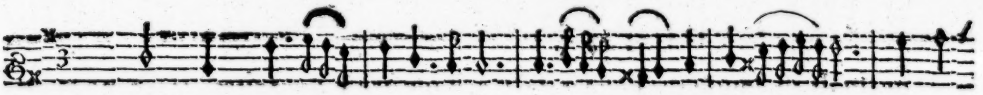
lurking lay chanc'd to ſting me by the way: now my ſoul was nigh to death,



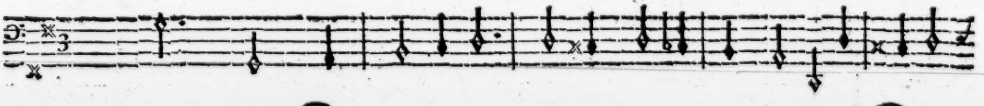
ebbing flowing with my breath; when Love, fanning with his wings, back my

fleeting ſpirit brings; learn, ſaith he, another day love without conſtraint t'obey.

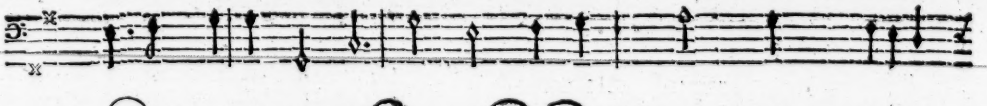
Song 81.



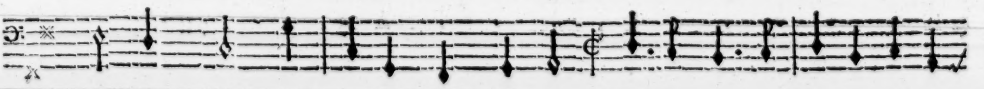
WHen my ſence in wine I ſteep, all my cares are lull'd aſleep: rich in



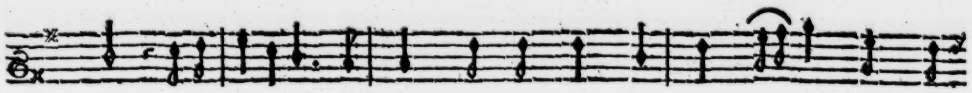
thought, I then deſpiſe *Cræſus*, and his royalties: Whileſt with Ivy



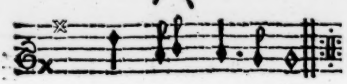
twines I wreath me, and ſing all the world beneath me; others run to martial



fights

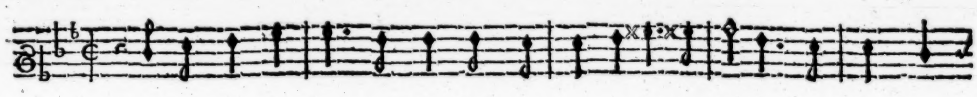


fights, I to *Bacchus's* delights; Fill the cup then boy, for I drunk then



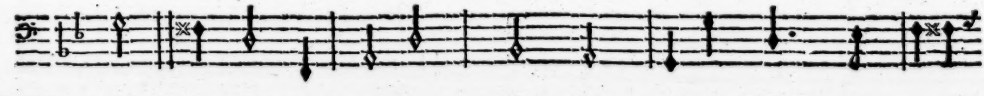
dead had rather lie.

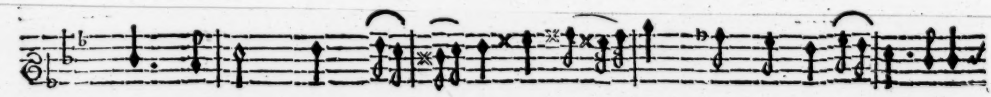
Song 82.



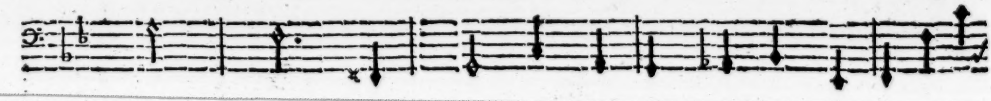
VEx no more thy ſelf and me with demure philoſophie; hollow precepts,

onely fit to amuſe the buſie wit; teach me brisk *Lyæus* rites; teach me *Venus*

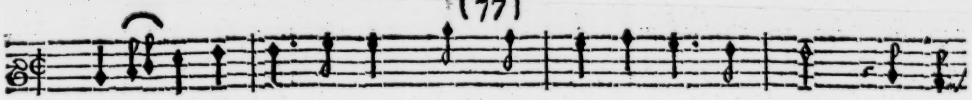




blithe delights; *Jove* loves water, give me wine; that my ſoul ere I reſigne

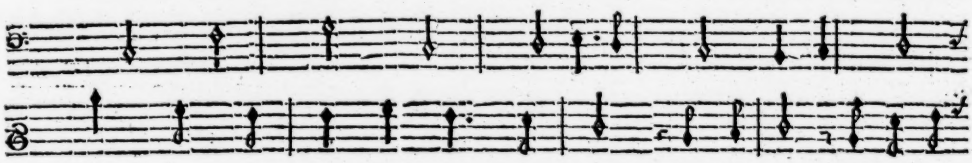


may this cure of ſorrow have; there's no drinking in the grave.



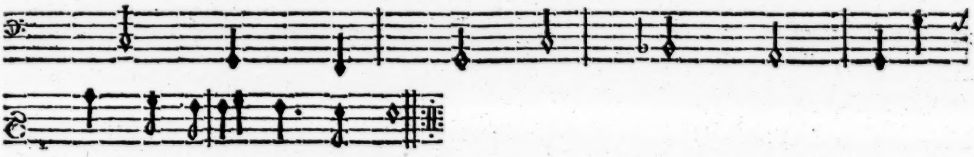
OLd I am, yet can (I think) thoſe that younger are out-drink; when I

dance no ſtaff I take, but a well fill'd Bottle ſhake: He that doth in war de-



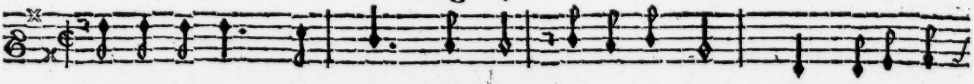
light, come and with theſe arms let's fight; fill the cup, let looſe a

flood of the rich Grapes luſcious blood; old I am, and therefore



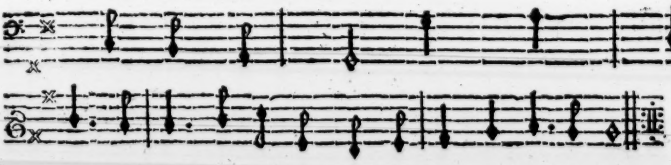
may, like *Silenus* drink and play.

Song 84.



A Kiſs I begg'd, and thou didſt joyn thy lips to mine; Then, as afraid

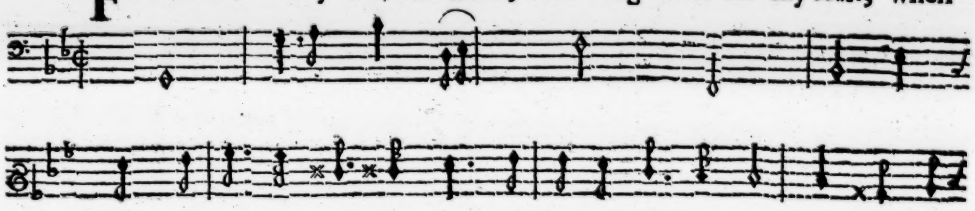
ſnatch'd back their treaſure, and mock'd my pleaſure, again my Deareſt,



for in this thou onely gav'ſt deſire, and not a kiſs.

I.

FAir Rebel to thy ſelf, and Time, who laugh'ſt at all my tears, when



thou haſt loſt thy youthful prime and age his Trophie rears, weighing thy

inconſiderate pride thou ſhalt in vain accuſe it, Why Beauty am I

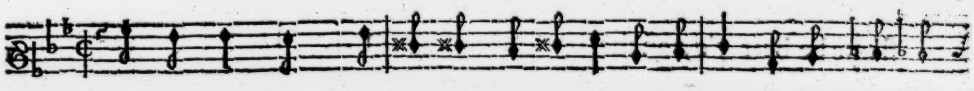
now deny'd, or knew not then to vſe it? Then ſhal I wiſh ungentle Fair thou

in like flames mayſt burn; *Venus*, if juſt will hear my prayer, and

I ſhall laugh my turn.

A Dialogue

Between CHARIESSA and PHILOCHARIS.

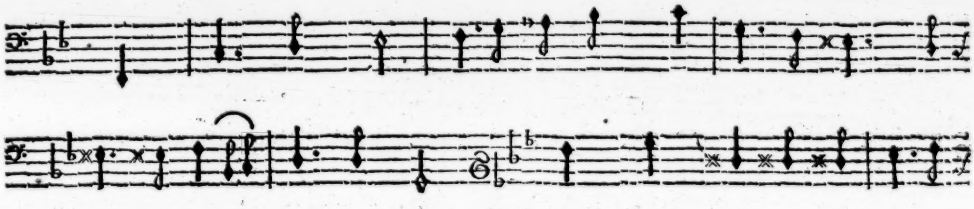


Char.

WHat if Night ſhould betray us, and reveal to the light all the pleaſure

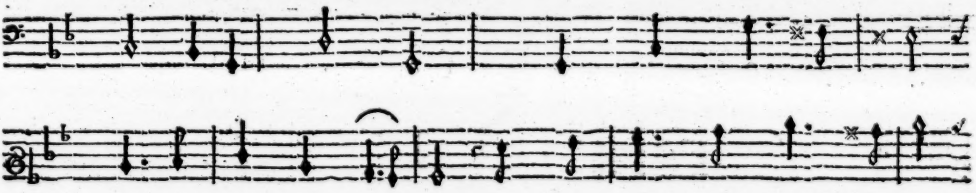
Phil.

that we ſteal? Faireſt, we ſafely may this fear deſpiſe; How can ſhe



Char.

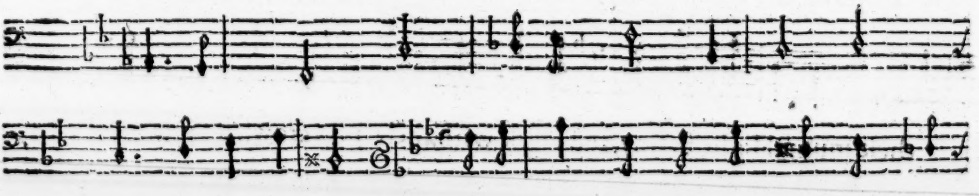
ſee our actions who wants eyes? Each dimne ſtar and the clearer



lights we know nights eyes are; they were blind that thought her ſo:

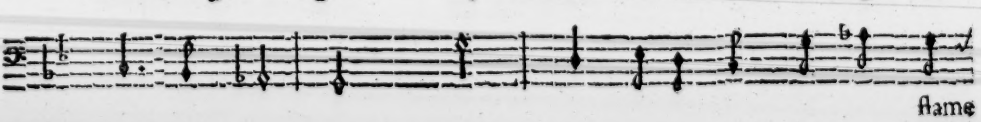
Phil.

Theſe pale fires onely burn to yeeld a light t' our deſires, and though

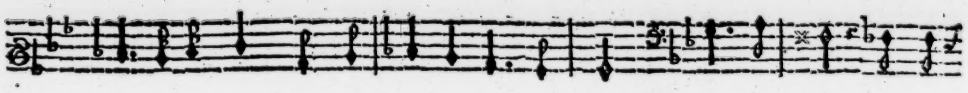


Char.

blind, to give us ſight. By this ſhade that ſurrounds us might our

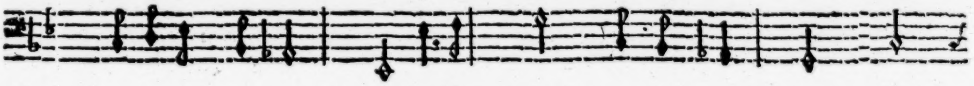


flame



flame be betray'd,and the day diſcloſe its name. *Phil.* Deareſt Fair,theſe dark

Witneſſes we finde ſilent are, Night is dumbe as well as blinde.



Chorus.

Then whileſt theſe black ſhades conceal us, we will ſcorn the envyous morn,

Then whileſt theſe black ſhades conceal us, we will ſcorn the

and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames ſhall thus

envyous morn; and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames ſhall thus

their mutual light betray,and night with theſe joys crown'd outſhine the day

their mutual light betray,and night with theſe joys crown'd outſhine the day.

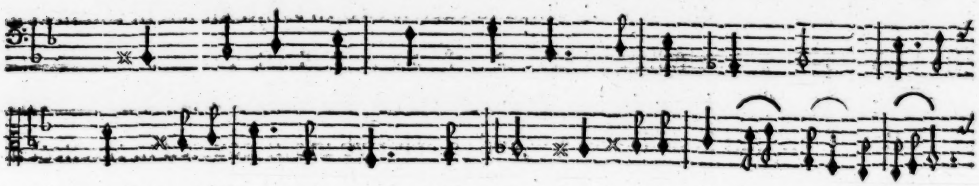
Dialogue II.

Between PHILOCHARIS and CHARIESSA.

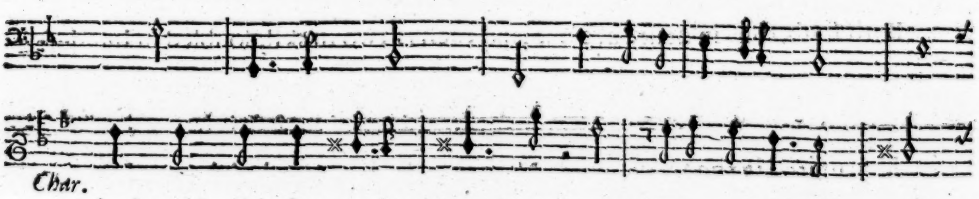
Phil.

THat kiſs which laſt thou gav'ſt me, ſtole my fainting Life away, yet

(though to thy Breaſt fled) my Soul ſtill in mine own doth ſtay.

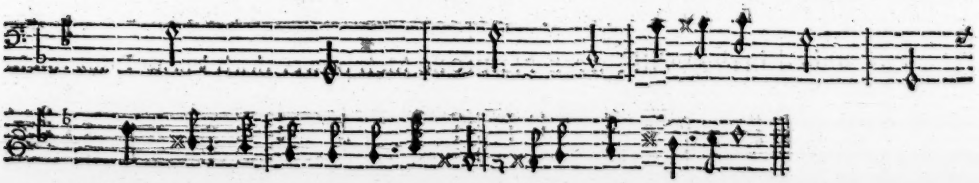


Weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love only can theſe wonders ſhow.



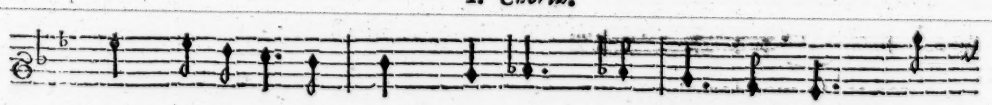
Char.

And with the ſame warm breath did mine into thy boſome ſlide,

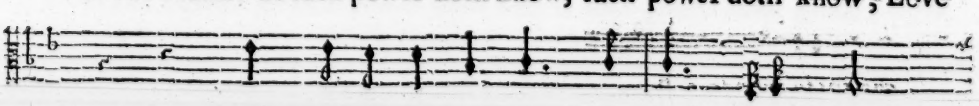


There dwel contracted unto thine, yet ſtill with me teſide;

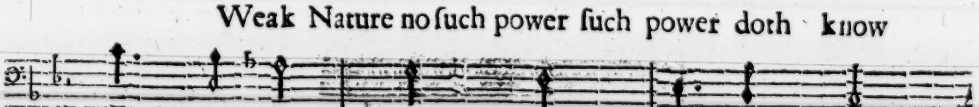
1. *Chorus.*

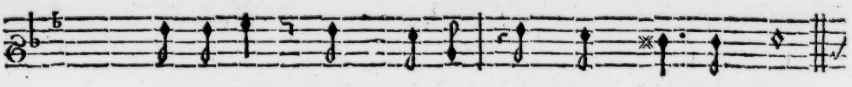


Weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, ſuch power doth know; Love



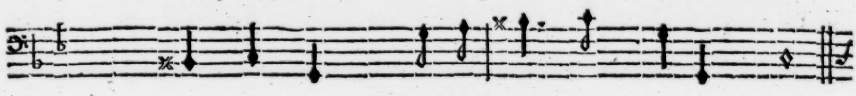
Weak Nature no ſuch power ſuch power doth know



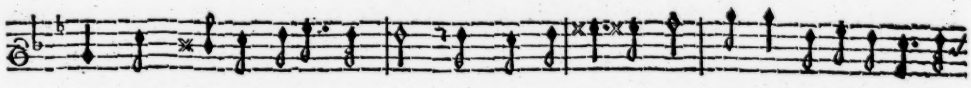


onely can theſe wonders, can theſe wonders ſhow.

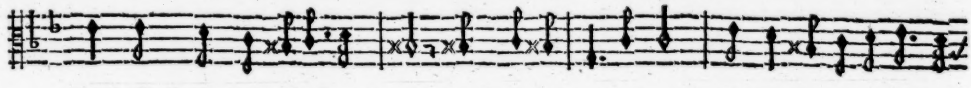
Love onely can theſe wonders, can theſe wonders ſhow.



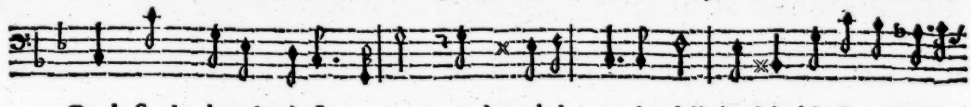
II. *Chorus, Voyces* 3.



Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intelle& a-



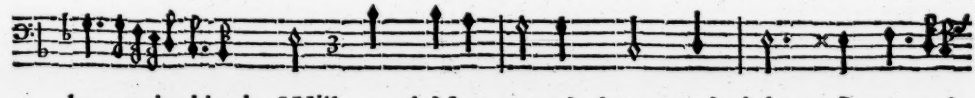
Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intelle& a-



Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intelle& a-

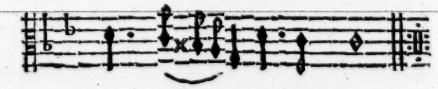
lone united in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely

lone united in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely

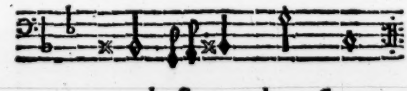


lone united in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely

can theſe wonders ſhow.



can theſe wonders ſhow.



can theſe wonders ſhow.

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